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AMOS P. TAPLEY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

For Sale by W. R. STONE, Augusta.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of MINNIE J. MOONEY, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Aug. 10, 1891. EUGENE W. WHITEHOUSE.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1891.*

ELIZA G. KENT, widow of CHARLES J. KENT, late of Readfield, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of September next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 40*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August, 1891.*

JOHN B. FOGG, Executor of the last will and testament of AMOS C. HODGKINS, late of Monmouth, in said county, deceased, having presented his final account as Executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 40*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executrix of the last will and testament of WILLIAM S. HADLEY, late of Chicago, Illinois, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

July 25, 1891. 39* ELLEN L. HADLEY.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of TABOR LYON, late of Manchester, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1891.*

E. W. WHITEHOUSE, Administrator on the estate of JANET WOODWARD, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1891.*

MARTHA E. MOODY, Administratrix on the estate of C. F. MOODY, late of Windsor, in said county, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of ANNIE E. GAGE, late of Benton, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of APPLETON W. GAGE, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 39*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of MARY E. CREAN, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, bonds-tate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN E. CREAN.
July 25, 1891. 39*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed, on the estate of GEORGE B. WHITTIER, late of Vienna, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

July 27, 1891. 39* HIRAM N. WHITTIER.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed, on the estate of LOIS H. SPEAR, late of Litchfield, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

July 27, 1891. 39* SAMUEL SMITH.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of July, 1891.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of LUCINDA SAVAGE, late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 39*

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VOL. LIX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1891. No. 42.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin County—Livermore Falls, Aug. 26th, 27th and 27th.
Androscoggin Valley—Canton, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Aroostook County Agricultural Society—At Houlton, Sept. 30th.
Buxton and Hollis—At Buxton, Sept. 22-24.
Cumberland County—At Gorham, Sept. 15-17.
Central Washington—At Machias, Sept. 15th and 17th.
Durham Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
East Eddington—Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Eastern Maine—At Bangor, Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th.
East Somerset—At Hartland, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.
East Pittston Society—At East Pittston, Sept. 16th, 16th and 17th.
Franklin—at Farmington, Sept. 29th, Oct. 1st.
Gray Park Association—At Gray, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Kennebec—At Readfield, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Lincoln County—At Damariscotta, Sept. 22-24.
North Washington—At Princeton, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
North Oxford—At Andover, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
North Knox—At Appleton, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
North Franklin—At Phillips, Sept. 22-24
North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Waterville, Aug. 25th and 26th.
North Aroostook—At Presque Isle, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Northern Cumberland—At Harrison, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.
Orrington—Sept. 22-24.
Oxford County—At South Paris and Norway, Sept. 15-17.
Ossipee Valley—At Cornish, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.
Piscataquis Central—On the Society's grounds, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
Ramshackle Park—At West Newfield, Sept. 8-10.
Sagadahoc—At Topsham, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth—At Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st.
State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.
South Kennebec—At South Windsor, on the Society's grounds, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st.
Somerset Central—Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th.
Scarboro and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarboro, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Oxford—At Fryeburg, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Washington—At Cherryfield, Sept. 23 and 24.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.
West Piscataquis—At Monson, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st.
Waldo County—At Belfast Park, Sept. 29th and 30th.
Waldo and Penobscot—At Monroe, Sept. 22d, 23d and 24th.
York County—At Saco, Aug. 25th, 26th and 27th.
York County Horse Breeders' Association—Fall meeting at Saco, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th.

Butter is in brisk demand, with advancing prices.

The Ellington Creamery, Connecticut, ships cream in large quantities and in good condition to Savannah, Georgia.

Over three thousand interested Canadian people have visited their agricultural college at Guelph the present summer, on excursions. Hadn't Maine better wake up?

The supply of early fruits, apples and pears, in Boston and New York markets, is very plentiful, and the quality is very fine. Prices are low, and for a time the supply amounted almost to a glut, fine summer Pippins and Astrachans being sold for seventy-five cents a barrel.

The potato crop throughout the State is now fully matured, with the exception of Aroostook county, where it wants ten days more. The crop is one of the best in yield and in quality. It remains now to be seen whether the rot will step in and destroy it, as was the case last year.

The Turner Center Creamery at its Lewiston branch is doing a large business in the sale of cream the present summer. In the month of June its sales of cream amounted to $2,824.40. Since that time its business has increased to still larger proportions. At the present time it cannot nearly supply the orders received.

Dr. W. O. Atwater has withdrawn from the position of Director of the Office of Experiment Stations of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, and Mr. A. W. Harris, formerly assistant director, succeeds him in the office. Dr. Atwater retains connection with the office as a special agent in relation to European investigations in agriculture, and as a scientific adviser.

The State of Missouri has very suddenly arisen into a great fruit State. It is but a few years that orchards there have received attention, yet the Secretary of the State Horticultural Society reports 5000 fruit farms in that State, employing 25,000 persons, and estimates the crop at $5,000,000. It excels all other States in fruit growing, excepting New York and Michigan.

The Indiana *Farmer* claims that State to be the greatest wheat growing State in the world, in proportion to area. It states that all admit the present crop to be the largest and the best in quality of any ever harvested. The aggregate for the State is put at fifty-five to sixty million bushels. The average yield per acre is above twenty bushels. One farmer reports 9000 bushels threshed from 300 acres.

Hoard's Dairyman advocates the butter-fat test as the measure of the value of milk for whatever purpose used, and is strenuous in the advocacy of the claim. Yet almost in the same breath, it says that the "superrichness" of Jersey milk, when made into cheese, "will take the whole cheese to the rancid and the bad." Justice, thou art a jewel! but it is hard for a down Easter to see how the application can be made in both cases. After all, is it not as well not to know so much, "as to know so much that isn't so?"

All this talk about skimming very rich milk for practical and profitable cheese-making, don't apply at all, in the summer season, when the cows are on pasture, and the milk is for the factories—the milk is averaging below 4 per cent. and therefore should not be skimmed. But there comes a time, every year, when good common cows will be fed, give over 4 and 5 per cent. and even 5 per cent. milk. Then is the time to apply the doctrine, and save your money, and make good cheese, too.—*Hoard's Dairyman.*

That may be so as regards milk out West but here in New England we make better milk than that. We were looking over the figures of a New England factory a few days ago and found 4.50, 4.80, 5 and 5.50 per cent. of fat common figures for June and July milk. It will not answer to allow Wisconsin to analyze New England milk or to make *all* our dairy literature for us.

The prospectus of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College for 1891 says: "In teaching the more technical farm operations, it is recognized that while each student who comes from a farm has presumably some skill in farm methods, it is only in certain directions. No man in this country professes to be skilled in all lines of farm practice, much less the young student, whose opportunities have usually been confined to one farm. It is the aim, therefore, to teach as far as possible such things as the student has had no opportunity to observe, giving more attention to methods than to practice, although always emphasizing the latter as far as practicable. With reference to the various operations of the farm and experiment station, it is the aim to put the student in the attitude of a superintendent. He is required to observe and make written reports upon the equipment of the farms, the crops and stock raised, and upon the work in progress, ample opportunity being given for a discussion of the reasons for existing practices. In a word, it is the aim to make of the boy a man of affairs in farm matters, by teaching him the reasons for various farm practices, and to give him confidence in himself, by teaching him to do things which he had not previously learned to do. The student's time is employed in increasing his knowledge or skill, either of mind or hand."

The Guernsey Dairy.

The above is the name given to a new butter factory located at Contoocook, N. H., which we had the privilege of visiting a short time since. It is established as an annex to, or a branch of Deerfoot Farm, Southboro, Mass., and is intended as an aid in supplying that business with choice cream and butter, the limit of the home farm failing to meet the demand which has grown up with their business, for these fine products. The advantage of the locality selected for this branch business was found in the large number of herds of Guernsey cows kept in the vicinity. This is one of the latest creameries built in New England, and thus having the example and the experience of others it ought to be one of the best in its arrangements and its fixtures. It was designed by, and constructed and furnished under plans made by Professor James Cheesman, now Dairy Instructor at the Dairy School just opened at Orono. Economy of cost, ease of handling the material, and convenience in the arrangement of the different apartments, are the three features kept in view throughout. It is difficult to see how they could be better planned.

It is a separator factory, that is, the whole milk is delivered to the factory, and the cream is removed from it by the centrifugal process. The building is 56 by 32 feet, and within these dimensions is located all the works, including the engine room and ice house, and with a living room for a family on the upper floor. The first story, or basement, is built of brick, and this is surmounted by a second story constructed of wood, the whole building costing $2500. This was built by the farmers who patronize the business, and is rented at a stipulated per cent. on the cost, to the Deerfoot Farm Company, who furnish the fixtures and pay the farmers an agreed-upon price by the year for the cream from the milk they deliver to the factory.

The creamery is located in the side of a hill, where the milk is delivered from the wagons on the upper floor, and thence through all the manipulations flows by its own gravity down through each process till it goes out the shipping door on the other side on the lower level. First, from the weighing tank it flows to the milk tank, from that into the separator, from the separator the cream flows to the cream vat, and from the vat to the churn. From the churn room opens the working room, and from that the cooling room, connected with the ice house beyond. The skim milk is ejected from the separator back to the wagon delivering the milk. Through this excellent arrangement the labor of handling is reduced to the minimum.

The Danish-Weston separator is used, and Prof. Cheesman, (as well as other operators), is satisfied that, all things considered, this is the best separator on the market. The cream paid for is proportioned to the farmers furnishing the milk, on the percentage of fat in the milk as determined by the Babcock test. Each patron's milk is sampled and analyzed three times each week. A glance at the records for June and July, showed the best milk to contain 5.6 per cent. of fat, several run as high as 5 per cent., while some tested as low as 3 per cent.

This selling of the milk on its quality is a new thing to the farmers of the locality, yet so far they seem to be satisfied with the system. Indeed, so long as the milk is used for the making of butter, the paying for just the proportion of butter it yields is so manifestly just that no one wishing only for what is his due has any chance for complaint. Certainly the quality of milk should govern its value.

Pea Mildew.

I have raised peas more than three score and ten years, and have thought that weeds, heat and moisture combined, and especially if the vines were very plenty and infested with weeds, were the cause of mildew. Have never till this year discovered mildew on vines supported by brush. What is the cause of mildew? Is it poisonous? Will peas thus affected vegetate? and if so, would they be more liable to be injured in consequence? Please answer in the *Farmer*, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,
Buckfield. G. C. WATERMAN.

Mildew is a fungus growth propagated by spores, which under favorable conditions grow and extend most rapidly. Heat, moisture, and certain undefined conditions of the atmosphere contribute to its multiplication and distribution. Either for the reason that the conditions of atmosphere and temperature are not favorable, or for some unknown cause, mildew seldom appears to any extent on plant growth early in the season. The pea is a plant very subject to attacks of mildew late in its season. Late planted peas seldom escape. Hence the importance of planting peas early in spring, or not at all. The fungus is not poisonous, yet plants covered with it cannot be in a healthy condition; and if stock were fed on such fodder for any length of time, it might disturb their health. Nor does the mildew injure the vitality of the peas unless their growth is cut off before the development is complete. We should not consider that peas from mildewed vines would be any more subject to attack than others. There is always "seed" enough of the kind in the air to start a growth whenever conditions favor. We know of no other cause of the mildew than as enumerated by our correspondent and as indicated above.

Look Out for the Stock.

The season is now at hand when it is necessary to look carefully after the matter of feed for the cows in milk, and for the colts, steers and lambs that are expected to keep up a rapid growth. A rule that will generally be found sound in practice is not to allow a cow to shrink in her milk, or other stock to fail to keep up their growth, for the want of sufficient food, and that of a proper kind to do it with. The calculating farmer provides for these contingencies in advance. But every farmer has the hay mows and the grain markets to resort to, and from either, or better still, a combination of both, any deficiency of feed can be made up. In dairy management, well conducted, it will be found profitable in the end to put the cows, at this season, on a generous grain ration, the amount, of course, to be graduated to the kind and quantity of supplementary food material now available for their use. All this stock should have enough to eat, and that of the right kind. The point for the farmer to consider is where it shall come from to the best advantage. The time has gone by when a farmer can put his work with his stock subject to the variations of the seasons. There is no need of it. Variations must be evened up. Droughts may come. August and September may cut down the feed, but the stock should go regularly on with its work. This is the only way, under modern surroundings, "to make the stock pay." See to it, then, that the stock be looked after, and that whatever the pastures fail to supply at this time be furnished from some other source.

Nature in Gay Attire.

The country now is in attractive verdure. The recent rains coming in connection with hot weather have started the grass in the new-mown fields to a spring freshness, while the hillside pastures that had browned before the parching drouth and scorching sun are again dressed in their green, the fields of corn are waving in the breezes and the Bartletts and Baldwins are storing up their rich juices among the thick set foliage carrying the same shades of Nature's growing season.

Now is the time for the farmer and his family to take their vacation. During the extreme heat of summer there is no place so comfortable as the farm home. But now that the heat is past, the pressure of work incident to the season over, there is a time before the autumn harvest when there is nothing at the farm that will suffer if the owner takes with his family a brief season of pleasurable rest. Now is just the time for Grange encampments and "field meetings," and they ought to be well attended. But don't crowd them with "exercises." Give ample time for sociability, comfort, rest, and with it just a little healthful teaching, that will leave in the mind something to think of after again returning to the farm. There is much of intellectual life on the farm now, and it should be matured, cultured and encouraged by means of methods fully adapted to the situation. There may be both pleasure and profit from a few days off and away from the farm, and the opportunity should be improved.

State College and Eastern Fair.

We would call the attention of people who propose to attend the Eastern Maine Fair next week at Bangor to the fact that it will be a favorable opportunity to visit the State college at Orono. The time is especially favorable for seeing what the State has provided for the educational work designed to be carried on there. The schools in session, the whole force of the faculty are at their posts of duty, the campus is in full summer attire, the farm, crops, stock and barns show the facilities for work in that particular direction, while the horticultural and experiment departments can better be understood than at any other season of the year. We can assure all that there would be found much of interest.

The college is but eight miles from Bangor, with frequent trains running back and forth throughout the day at half fare during the exhibition. We are assured by President Fernald that such visitors will be heartily welcomed, and if they will notify by card in advance of the time, they will find officers in readiness to show them special attention. Visit the State college and see for yourself the extensive provisions for carrying on its work.

Children at the Fairs.

It seems that all agricultural fairs are not confined in their management to the idea that money is the only object to be worked for. The Illinois State Board of Agriculture has fixed upon one day of their fair as Children's Day. Superintendents of schools are respectfully requested by the board to notify the Secretary of the number of children on the rolls of the public, private and parochial schools of their respective districts, under the age of 15 years, that a sufficient number of complimentary tickets may be sent to each school to put a ticket into the hands of each scholar, whether they contemplate attending the fair or not. At Chicago, in 1885, 30,000 school children attended the fair on Children's Day, and it is hoped that more than that number will find their way into the fair grounds at Peoria this year. Teachers accompanying their schools will be provided with complimentary admission tickets. This example is a worthy one, and is commended to the attention of the managers of our own State fairs. What more fitting than to cultivate an interest in industrial affairs in the rising generation. Probably, too, the receipts would be increased in the end by so far-sighted a policy.

Superior Points in Hampshires.

From an article by James Wood of Mount Kisco, N. Y., which appears in the first volume of "the Hampshire Down Record," we make the following extracts:

By the wise system of breeding and by skilful management the Hampshire Down has been brought to his present state of perfection. He now illustrates what breeders can accomplish in preserving vigor of constitution and general hardihood, and in adding to them the desirable qualities of early maturity, disposition to lay on flesh with the fat and lean properly intermingled, and symmetry of form, with a most useful and valuable fleece of wool. His head is rather large with a Roman face, neck long and usually well set on, shoulders sloping, brisket deep with abundant room for the vital organs, back straight with a good spring of rib going around the barrel, loin broad, quarters long and broad, hams round and heavy, legs bony and strong, and feet large and open, with a tough sole and crust. The face and legs are the blackest of any of the Down breeds. Gray faces are avoided. The wool is of medium length and strong fibre. It is used for making cheviots, tweeds and such business cloths, and commands the top prices. Flocks of breeding ewes average about seven pounds to the fleece. Mature rams weigh 300 lbs. and ewes something over 200.

Before all other advantages, we must place constitutional vigor. The rearing of Hampshires has always been under such natural conditions of exposure and food that their constitutions are remarkably "sound" and "strong," and in no sense "delicate." Therefore it is that they are singularly free from disease and maintain their health and vigor as do few other animals in heat or clod, in drouth or storm, in short feed or in plenty, and whether closely confined or allowed freest range. Associated with this constitutional vigor is prolificness. The writer knows flocks of ewes which average, year after year, over 175 per cent. of lambs. As a result of this vigor the young are remarkably strong at birth and are quickly upon their feet and ready for business. The ewes are excellent mothers and immense milkers, having udders like small cows. Ewes breed to a great age and then fatten well. Based upon their vigor is the claim that a Hampshire ram will serve more ewes than a ram of any other breed except the Mountain breed.

It is claimed that the Hampshires are less liable to foot-rot than are other breeds. The chalk rock of their native districts is full of nodules of flint, and sharp flint flakes everywhere upon the surface. These cut the feet of the animals continually. Nature arms herself against this by making the soles of the feet tough and strong. Generations of such exposure have produced this natural result.

We would next mention the rapid growth, early development and excellent fattening qualities of Hampshire lambs. These are so well known that they are continually referred to by miscellaneous writers for illustration and comparison. English show-yards tell us what can be done with the best care and highest feeding.

This rapid growth of Hampshire lambs is simply owing to the fact that with their constitutional vigor they are able to eat, digest and assimilate a large amount of food. No such results can be accomplished with any animal without liberal feeding. With such feeding it seems to be well established that a Hampshire lamb is worth more for the butcher at any given age than is a lamb of any other breed.

We will next mention the quality which gives to the Hampshire Down his greatest practical value, and the one which above all others commends him to the average American sheep-raiser. It is his extraordinary prepotency—that power which enables him to stamp his characteristics with unerring certainty upon his offspring.

The surpassing excellence of the Hampshire cross is well illustrated by the fact that at the great English shows the prizes for cross-bred sheep almost invariably go to those with Hampshire blood. Indeed, this has become so universal that other breeders are clamoring for classes from which Hampshire blood will be excluded.

Another point of great excellence in the Hampshire is the quality of its flesh. It is scarcely distinguishable from the Southdown. The fat is advantageously distributed through the lean so as to result in a little healthful teaching, that will leave in the mind something to think of after again returning to the farm. There is much of intellectual life on the farm now, and it should be matured, cultured and encouraged by means of methods fully adapted to the situation. There may be both pleasure and profit from a few days off and away from the farm, and the opportunity should be improved.

The General-Purpose Animal.

The trend of opinion to-day seems to sway in the direction of keeping animals only for some special use, judging by what is found written on the subject in the agricultural press of the present time. Men are not infrequently found affirming with no little vehemence that there is no place in the world for the general-purpose animal, nor for the general-purpose man either.

Much of this I make bold to say is vain reason and "false philosophy." The world has always had a place for the general-purpose animal and also for the general-purpose man, and so it always will have. A few leading minds have said that the time has come when specialities must be cultivated all along the line, and thousands of others who would fain be looked up to as leaders have chimed in—"This is the age of specialties; we have no use for the general-purpose animal any longer." The echo of this cry has crossed the continent from sea to sea. It has been wafted over the ocean and is infecting other lands. It has entered our agricultural colleges, and by its pernicious tendencies is dwarfing minds capable of great expansion and causing them to run in narrow-gauge grooves unworthy of the capacity of such minds. I repeat the statement again, that as long as the world lasts it will want general-purpose men and general-purpose animals, although it may sometimes tolerate with evident profit men and animals of less capacity only capable in performance of what may be considered special.

What I mean by a general-purpose man is one capable of excelling in several lines of work. In the olden days when the ax and the fagot reigned we had some of those general-purpose men. They could do any kind of work from the hewing of an ax handle from a tree or an ox-yoke from the same, to erecting a log cabin and baking the bread upon which they lived and labored. Where was the place for the specialist in those good old days wherein were laid the foundations of flourishing commonwealths? We still want those general-purpose men in many lines of life. If an editor is only a specialist in live-stock matter how does he know whether his horticultural editor is a wise man or a fool? If the director of an agricultural college is only a specialist how is he to know whether the members of his staff are feeding the people on chaff or wheat in the bulletins which they issue? It may be very proper that he should be a specialist, but it is equally fitting that he should be a broad-minded, general-purpose man of great natural capacities and still greater attainments. From all this does it not follow by logical sequence that what the world is pleased to term special is synonymous with moderate general capacity and what may properly be termed general-purpose when applied to men is synonymous with great capacity, inherent and acquired?

I now pass to the domain of the lower animals. Here again I make bold to say that the very class of live stock which we have domesticated we have what may be termed general-purpose animals, and that we always will have them. The world will never be content to do without them. We have the general-purpose horse—that is, the horse that is adapted to several uses, and we always will want it. We have the general-purpose cow—that is, the cow capable of producing a large amount of milk, and that gives us at the same time a class of steers capable of furnishing a large amount of good meat. We always will want such cows in certain localities. We have the general-purpose sheep. It is an animal that is capable of furnishing a large amount of wool and of giving a good return in fat mutton. We always will want such sheep. We have the general-purpose fowl. It is a bird capable of giving us a goodly supply of eggs while it lives and of furnishing excellent table meat when it is dead. Here again I say, the world always will want such fowls.

As the specialist among men is usually a man of narrower capacity than the general-purpose man, so the animals devoted to special purposes is possessed of less capability than the one which is devoted to general uses. I admit that the specialist among men may be a man of greater attainment in his line than the general purpose man in that particular line, because his more limited capacity would not have made him great as a general-purpose man, and, therefore, it was wise for him to concentrate his energies, but in the aggregate of useful qualities the general-purpose man throws him quite in the shade. So it is with animals. The animal kept for special uses may excel the general-purpose animal in some particular line, but in the aggregate of useful qualities it must of necessity be quite inferior, all other things being equal.

Let the echoes, then, be no more heard of that foolish cry which is perpetually trying to hold up the animal devoted to some special use as far superior to the animal that is adapted to several uses. That is to say, let men cease to try to place what is and always will be intrinsically inferior before that which is inherently superior.

The animal devoted to special uses always will have its place in the world, just as the man who is a specialist always will have his. But we should not lose sight of the point that it is because of development in one line only that those are of necessity special, and that development in one line only is inferior to development in several lines. The greatest men are usually many-sided, and so are the greatest animals. It is always in the domain of restrictions that the development of special qualities is found a necessity. Because of this it is wise to keep dairy cattle where holdings are small, and where, though pastures may be good, cereal production is not abundant. For the same reason it is wise in ranching countries, where grass only is abundant, to grow cattle only for beef-making. But in other sections, where nature has been more lavish in her gifts, where pastures are good, where cereals flourish, and where the legumes abound, there a general-purpose cow is wanted—is, indeed, an absolute necessity where the best aggregate results are to be reaped.

When, therefore, we endeavor to apply special-purpose animals to the requirements of all lands, we chase after a delusive hope. Men who are always crying up specialties do not seem to consider the responsibilities which they incur. They seem never to have thought about the blind leading the blind, and the end to which such a course must lead. Push this specialist theory to its legitimate conclusions, and what does it mean? Simply this: That in the production of beefing animals a time would come when a cow would not be able to rear her own calf, and that in the production of dairy animals a time would come when we would get living skeletons, made up very largely of a bony framework covered with a skin.

But some one answers: "That is simply absurd. We specialists do not advocate the production of beef on those lines. We would beat a halt when the milk production of the cow would sink to the level of the bare wants of the calf." Very well, then; why would it not serve a better purpose to beat a halt before that point is reached? Why would it not be much more desirable to have a cow that would produce a good animal for making beef, and that would also give a goodly supply of milk for other uses? Such a cow either can be or cannot be produced. I hold that she can. Such an animal did exist in the Valley of the Tees a hundred years ago, and such an animal will exist again over wide areas of this beautiful Western World—if indeed she does not exist now. The genius of to-day in the production of such an animal will certainly show itself ahead of the genius of one hundred years ago.

But it is objected that highest attainment in one line, as milk production, is incompatible with highest attainment at the same time in another line, as meat production. This I grant, but at the same time I affirm that the aggregate of milk and meat production in the one animal may be made to exceed the production of meat only or milk only in another animal, the conditions being equal. If the utmost limit of attainment in any one direction only is the best thing to be sought, then the advice to swine raisers, which urges them to retain only such sows as are excellent milkers, would be simple foolishness; and yet we know it is a cardinal principle with the most successful swine raisers.

The truth is that the question as to whether animals shall be kept for special or general uses is largely to be determined by conditions, as locality, natural production, markets, and various other things. I am quite willing to give a place to the animal kept for special uses, but demand at the same time a place of equal prominence for the general-purpose animal. I close this paper with the reasonable request that those who seem so fond of raining shot and shell upon the general-purpose animal will stop to consider that they are attacking a creature intrinsically superior to the objects of their supreme regard.—*Thomas Shaw, in Breeders' Gazette.*

The Jersey Test at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Editor Maine Farmer: At the first meeting of the American Jersey Cattle Club's World's Columbian Exposition Committee, the following resolution was passed, covering the rules and terms under which the committee are willing to gather fifty or more of the best Jersey cows in the world, and have them tested at the World's Columbian Exposition in competition with any and all other breeds. Solicitations for Jersey cows will be begun soon, but before this is done breeders are offering cows to the committee.

D. D. JENKINS,
Sec'y A. J. C. C. Committee.
Indianapolis, Ind., August 7th.

TERMS OF TEST PROPOSED.

1st. The butter test proposed between the breeds must be made by the churn and scales, confirmed by analysis of butter. That we will not make a test alone by chemical analysis or any of the oil tests, and propose to make actual butter, which shall be shown by analysis to be a standard article.

2d. That we think that 80 per cent. of butter fat should be adopted as standard for pure butter, fresh from the churn, but holding that the standard should be higher.

3. That if the analysis discloses a larger percentage of butter fat, and this shall be credited to the cow making the same; if less than 80 per cent. she shall be credited with the deficiency, and the product discounted by the amount so found wanting, taking 80 per cent. as a standard amount of butter fat to the pound of butter.

4th. That no foreign substance shall be put into the milk, cream or butter during the test, except clear water furnished by the committee making the test, and salt furnished by them.

5th. It is our opinion that the butter should be thoroughly washed in the churn until the water drawn off is clear. That it should then be well worked, under the inspection of the committee, then one ounce of salt added to the pound of butter, then again worked and re-weighed.

6th. That the entire process of making the butter, from the time of the drawing of the milk from the cow to the final weighing, shall be in the presence of the committee.

7th. That no doubt may be left of the integrity of the tests so made, and that all the different associations represented may be satisfied, that each breed or association entering cattle for the test shall have a right to name one of the committee to witness the test, and each association, at its own expense, may select a chemist to be present.

8th. That such steps shall be taken by the committee as they deem proper to secure a fair and true test, either locks and seals, or guards, as they may choose to satisfy themselves.

9th. That the World's Columbian Exposition Company shall select one of the committee, and the Government Experiment Station may select one of the committee, and the Columbian Dairy Association one.

10th. That samples of milk shall be taken for analysis, but the cow must be credited by the amount of milk so taken, in proportion as the amount bears to her whole product of milk and butter, as ascertained by the churn, scales and analysis of butter.

11th. That we wish to test the entire herd of fifty cows in the herd test, to be tested singly if owners desire.

12th. That the owners of the cows, or breed, shall have the privilege of managing the milk so drawn from their cows as they please, in the presence always of the committee; included in this is the privilege of setting, creaming and churning when and as they please, in the presence of the committee.

13th. That accurate account shall be kept of all food given the cows for thirty days before and during the test, to arrive at the cost of the butter per pound, so made in the test, and charged to the cow on her consuming same, at actual market value, but owners shall be at liberty to feed such kinds of food and as much as they please, provided however, that only ordinary dairy food, such as is customary with dairymen, shall be fed the cattle.

14th. No tonic, stimulant, or other drug shall be given to the cows during the test, except in case of sickness; and in case a cow is sick enough to require tonic, stimulant or other drug, during the test, her milk shall not be saved for three days after the drug is so given.

15th. That we prefer that this test sh

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Aug. 27, 1891.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$3.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. ADAMS is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. J. W. KNIGHT is now calling upon our subscribers in Washington county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

Canada is to allow the importation of American cattle for slaughter in that country.

The South Kennebec Agricultural Society announced their fourth exhibition to be holden on the grounds at South Windsor, Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.

The death-trap in New York city, referred to in our general news column, was an old hulk of a building, not erected to bear the strain which was put upon it. The building fell by reason of being overweighted with machinery on the upper floors.

The *Boston Transcript* has discovered that an abandoned farm is not necessarily a farm which has been given to the sowing of wild oats. The trouble with many has been that they haven't been sowed to anything.

The West Oxford Agricultural Society has just issued from the *Farmer* office the annual premium list for their coming exhibition, Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1. The premiums are liberal and there should be a generous response.

President Harrison in one brief sentence presented the science of sound finance during his speech at Albany, and his position will be heartily endorsed by members of all political parties in the East. Said he, "I believe that every dollar, whether paper or coin, issued or stamped by the general government should always and everywhere be as good as any other dollar."

Mr. E. P. Viles of North New Portland, one of the directors of the Dead River Log Driving Company, who is improving the driving facilities of the north branch of the Dead river, reports finding a peck or more of bullets in the stream at Ledge Falls, two miles above Eustis Mills. They were left there, without doubt, by Gen. Arnold while on his expedition to Quebec. Here is another field for our local Antiquarian Society.

The Eastern Maine State Fair to be held in Bangor, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week, will be the sensational show of the year among the fairs of the country. Besides the regular display of fine horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry and farm products, which, as indicated by the entries, will be greater than ever before known there, the management will far exceed the past reputation of the show for the presentation of novelties and great races.

Friday afternoon, the soldier boys took their departure from Camp Burleigh, after a most successful State muster, pronounced so by the immediate officials, and those best qualified to judge. It was a camp of solid, sober instruction, not one for fun and wild recreation, as many have been before it. The most of those connected with the Maine militia are young men of good character, who stand well in the communities where they reside; and while they belong to this branch of the service, they deserve well of the State in thus providing for them these annual camps of instruction.

A careful computation by the *American Agriculturist* places the corn crop of 1891 at 2,000,000,000 bushels; the wheat crop, 500,000,000 bushels, and oats 622,000,000 bushels. This aggregate crop of 3,122,000,000 bushels is 28.8 per cent. greater than last year's, and 14.7 per cent. higher than the average for the eleven preceding years. These are facts. They cannot be successfully perverted or juggled by all the loud-mouthed demagogues that ever lived. Prosperity has come to the Western farmer in the face of innumerable jeremiads which pictured exactly opposite results.

The 13th annual convention of the Maine Deaf Mute Mission will meet in Portland, August 29th and 30th. Prof. A. S. Clark of Hartford, Conn., will act as intrepreter during the convention. The headquarters of the mission will be at the United States Hotel. They have arranged for an excursion to Old Orchard on Monday. Miss Emma Proctor of Lewiston will sing in sign language in two churches on Sunday. Preaching service will be held as usual on Sunday to be announced at the convention. The programme is: Saturday, August 29, at 3 P. M., prayer, address by the president, H. P. Hunt, reports of officers, appointment of committees, election of officers, unfinished business.

Our old friend and able correspondent, Mr. William H. Pearson of Vassalboro, has a true idea of the value of our lakeside resorts, as will be seen by the following extract from a private note: "I think that our inland lake resorts are year by year becoming more popular, and that in the not distant future their borders will be dotted with the cottages of many a sojourner from the busy haunts of men. Here is China Lake, close by us that for all that is beautiful and attractive in Nature is unsurpassed in loveliness, and I have no doubt will soon become a fashionable resort. Indeed our mutual friend, R. M. Jones, has taken the initial step toward it by launching upon its glassy surface quite a fleet of boats of a costly and most beautiful pattern, and calling together quite a crowd of his literary friends and companions."

People everywhere who do not believe in monsters running at large, will rejoice at the capture of Frank Almy, the cold blooded murderer. Especially should they be glad, as it seems to be demonstrated that he is George H. Abbott, the escaped and dangerous convict, who has given people so much trouble. We are glad, also, that this displicable murderer did not fall into the hands of the mob, which is always a dangerous element to invoke, but that he is spared that the gallows may bear its legitimate fruit. Almy killed an innocent girl, killed her without provocation, and for no cause save that she was so far his superior that he could not drag her down to his level, and determined to put her out of existence. This is the spirit of the incarnate evil. It hates the good because it is good. It destroys honor, truth and virtue whenever they can be found. No sympathy should be given to such a man. No maudlin or gushing sentimentality should prevent his being put out of the way of humanity which he has so greatly outraged, in the way and manner provided by the laws of New Hampshire.

It is a pleasure to note that the property of the Cumberland Bone Company at Boothbay, together with the good will, trade and trade-marks of that corporation, as we have previously stated, have been sold to Hon. Geo. P. Wescott of Portland. Mr. Wescott has formed a syndicate, who will form a corporation for the manufacture of phosphates, and of other products of a similar nature, and will supply the trade heretofore supplied by the Cumberland Bone Company in this State, and will largely extend the business in that line. The company will continue the manufacture at Boothbay of the high grades of fertilizer heretofore made by the Cumberland Bone Company, provided satisfactory arrangements can be made with the town of Boothbay in relation to the taxes of the property. The manufacture and sale of phosphates is a peculiar business and is done on small margins. If satisfactory arrangements are not made with the town of Boothbay in regard to taxation, the company have other plans which they can make available for their use. Mr. E. G. Spring will remain in the employ of the new company and will give his attention to its business affairs.

NATURE'S HANDIWORK.—MAINE A STATE OF ATTRACTIONS. We have long ceased to wonder that the ancients, with their materialistic tendencies, were Nature worshippers—that they assembled in the dense groves, by the sounding sea, and at the quiet lakeside, and there built their altars of sacrifice. And while their worship was of the heathenish kind, with little of the lofty and spiritual in its conception, their surroundings were of such an impressive character it ought to have led an enlightened mind and a tender heart to the contemplation and true worship of the Deity who had fashioned all these wondrous and beautiful things.

Who can stand upon the shores of the Cobbosseecontee, in the town of Manchester, on a calm Sunday morning, when not the least ripple ruffles the bosom of the lake, when trees and rocks and houses are mirrored in the cool depths, when over the calm waters comes the sound of human voices in sacred song, the tinkle of the cow bell in the distant pasture, the notes of the village church bell calling the people to prayers, arching over all the blue dome of heaven—without being able to participate in spirit in the Sabbath rest and worship? Dull the heart, inert the mind, that does not respond. True, three and a half pound bass are hungry for bait, the sail on your boat flaps leisurely against the mast, as if anxious to be unfurled and kiss the breeze in a sailing cruise, but let sport and pleasure have their turn when Monday morning comes. In the rush and hurry of this intensely practical age, we are apt to ignore the contemplative and restful. These are helps in the emergencies of life which cannot be ignored or passed over, even by those who believe in magnifying the practical side of life.

And let us now, for a minute, study the origin of the name which so many mangle in spelling, "Cobbosseecontee." It is an Indian name, and we know full well that generally Indian names and their origin are but poorly preserved. But in this locality we are more fortunate. When the first Red men came from the distant and beautiful Northwest, to which the Indian always directed his gaze, and where he fancied were the Happy Hunting Grounds, a small clan settled along the shores of this lake, and along the banks of the river, which is its outlet at the city of Gardiner, turning the mill wheels there, and also furnishing its fine water supply. Scarcely had these Indians pitched their wigwams, when one day, one of their number, a noted brave, went down to the shore, and divesting himself of his clothing, exclaimed, "I am a sturgeon," or Cabbassa, and plunged into the Kennebec near the mouth of the stream. Immediately a large sturgeon was seen frolicing among the waves (says the Indian tradition), but, though the sanaps and sachems of the tribe looked long and anxiously for the warrior's return, and though his squaw and papposses mourned his absence, he was never seen again. Ever after, when one of the tribe was asked who he was, he would reply, "I am a sturgeon," or Cabbassa, or, in other words, a Red man from Cabbassaguntiag, that being the name until it came to be written and pronounced "Cobbosseecontee." Gradually the heiroglyph of a sturgeon was adopted as their symbol, and was attached to their treaties or deeds.

There are abundant evidences that the region of the Cabbassa was a favorite home of the Red men. Their bones, arrows, kettles, and other implements and utensils of war and peace, have been exhumed. The other day, while digging beneath the roots of a tree that had been cut down, the writer came upon a curious implement that must have been the property of the Indians at one time. In this neighborhood, they hunted the trout, the salmon, the moose, the caribou, deer, bear, rabbit, loupcervier, martin, fox and beaver. Here were grouped their wigwams and birchen canoes. Here the council fires were lighted, here the warwhoop was heard! "Gazing on the same sun that smiles on us, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; looking on the same moon that rolls above us, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate."

In the language of the reading book of our earlier years, "Here lived and loved another race of beings. The silent river as it rolled its constant journey to the sea, bore on its bosom some dark-eyed Indian maid in her light shallop, or a company of hunters or warriors as they paddled their white canoes across its blue surface. Where stands the busy mill, then drank the antlered moose. Where spreads the wide green intervale, then wrought the busy beaver. Where now is heard the locomotive's scream, the steamboat wheel, then leaped the golden salmon, then fed the caribou. The all-beholding sun, as he gazed on these splendid waters, saw only Nature and her votaries."

Doubtless, there is an abundance of fish in Cobbosseecontee Lake, if you only know just how to entice them into your meshes. But when you hear a "lone fisherman" say that he captured fifty pounds of black bass before breakfast, and didn't feel very hungry, either, you are prepared to believe that other ancient lie, recorded in sober history, that "Jonathan Winslow used to relate that he captured sixteen noble salmon one Sunday morning before breakfast." We like to catch fish, and we had much rather eat them, but when our guide tells us that on a fishing excursion in the lake he caught, with a trout rod and hook, a thirty pound turtle, engraved on the back of which was the name of Christopher Columbus, put there by the great navigator himself, we must be pardoned if we seem to manifest a little amount of incredulity.

Cobbosseecontee may be reckoned among the hundreds of beautiful places in Maine which are becoming so attractive to those seeking quiet and picturesque retreats. The State of Maine is one grand resort for sportsmen. Its northern forests are still alive with the larger game, like the bear, the moose and the deer, which occasionally roam beyond their usual haunts and come within the reach of civilization. The wild goose and duck abound among its expansive meadows and hidden streams, and the partridge populates its jungles. Its lakes and rivers abound in a wealth of delight for the angler, who may choose his sport among varied game, from the ambitious excitement of landing salmon to the more popular pastime of luring the speckled beauties of the brook. Tiring of these, the lazier fisherman may console himself with a turn at deep sea fishing on the eastern coast, where mackerel and haddock are plenty, and occasionally a cod and a halibut reward one's patience.

The younger and more zealous fishermen, of course, find little satisfaction short of the Rangeley lakes in the northwest part of the State, or the headwaters of the Kennebec, Penobscot and other large rivers. The Rangeley district is probably the most popular resort for fly-fishers in this country, and deservedly so. It is composed of a series of lakes and streams, sufficiently extensive to insure the enticing sport for many years to come, if not forever. It is, in fact, a labyrinth of water, and forest and meadow, in places almost inaccessible, so that as a breeding place for the finny tribe experts pronounce it inexhaustible.

The neighborhood of Moosehead Lake perhaps comes next in popularity for sportsmen of the rod from abroad. Resident fishers who make their headquarters at Bangor or Old Town or Ellsworth will tell you of streams and ponds up the Penobscot and Union rivers which rival Rangeley and beat everything else for fish stories that are real and not of the fairy order. It is a plain fact that a drive of a few hours from Bangor, and a tramp nearly equal in time, will bring one to waters that cannot be excelled in the harvest they yield the toiler of the rod and reel. Mountainous ranges and rugged swamps must be overcome in the march, but what are these to the man wearied of city cares, who comes hence to labor for his rest?

These big bonanzas in the range of fishdom, however, by no means cover the field of Maine's attractions. Let the reader examine a map of the State on a large scale, and he will at once appreciate this fact. Every county is dotted with lakes and striped with rivers, and the waters of which the maps can take no notice are legion. Maine is one of the best watered districts in the world, and its waters are populous with most of the tribes known to the Northern United States.

So as a place of activity or sport, or as a place of summer rest and recreation, Maine may well be classed as the foremost State of the Union. And all this means dollars to our thriving, busy people; and may they go forward and cultivate this field more and more each succeeding year.

MUSTER OF THE VETERANS. The camp on the Mulliken Farm, in this city, which has gleamed with the bayonets of the soldiers, and resounded with the echoes of their guns during the week of drill, dress parades, reviews and other military duties, is now occupied by those who have seen active services for four long years in their country's defence. The tramp of these veterans was heard all day Monday, as they gathered here from far and from near, to attend the first encampment of the Maine Veterans' Association, and partake of its enjoyments.

The camp ground is not unfamiliar to their eyes, notwithstanding it has been transformed into a camp for the holiday soldier, where he can display his knowledge and proficiency in drill, dress parades, reviews and other military duties in mimic war. This unsurpassed scenery is just the same as it was when it was Camp Keyes, and used as an encampment for troops preparing for the front, and later for hospital purposes. To-day, however, no vestige of barracks or hospital buildings remains. Probably no better place could have been selected for the encampment of the veterans than this, for the rehearsal of old memories of by-gone days, and the meeting of old comrades in arms and how strong and endured during the ordeal of comradeship, cemented by common danger and suffering.

This is the first time since the sword of Lee was surrendered to Grant, that the veterans of Maine have come together outside of their regimental associations. Some of the men who bore conspicuous parts in the great conflict are here, and nearly all the G. A. R. Posts in the State have sent delegations. The veterans are seen about the streets with their gay badges, and proudly wearing the medals which they have won in honorable service.

A reception committee of Seth Williams Post has been at the depot on the arrival of every train, to direct their comrades to the muster ground, giving them a warm reception. A big tent, capable of holding 2,000, has been pitched on the grounds, to be used during the muster. Dennis' Military Band of twenty-four pieces, furnishes music.

Fully five hundred veterans were in camp, Tuesday, and many more arrived Wednesday. The camp has been named for Gen. Charles D. Jameson, a distinguished Maine officer, killed in the late war.

The Second Cavalry and Ninth Infantry held reunions. Gen. A. B. Spurling of Elgin, Ill., made the trip to attend the cavalry reunion. He is their former Colonel, and had a most enthusiastic reception. The Ninth elected the following officers:

President—Capt. G. W. Brown, Bangor.
Vice President—Henry P. Hopkins, Augusta.
Executive Committee—Gen. George L. Beal, Augusta; Maj. Benjamin F. Hill, Auburn.
Secretary—Adjutant J. E. Shepherd, Lewiston, Mass.
Treasurer—William A. Babcock, Holyoke, Mass.

Yesterday, (Wednesday) was the big day of the occasion, with the following programme:

Sunrise Gun.
Breakfast, 6 to 8.
Reception by the Governor, Gen. Schofield, U. S. A., and other distinguished guests, at 10.30.
Address of Welcome by Gen. Henry Boynton.
Response by Gen. Henry L. Mitchell.
Address, "State of Maine," Governor E. C. Burleigh
Oration at 11.30.
Dinner at 1 o'clock.
After Dinner Speeches.
"Maine in the War," Gen. J. L. Chamberlain.
"Our Navy," Hon. C. A. Boutelle
"Women in the War," Hon. L. T. Carleton
"Grand Army of the Republic," Dep. Com. Samuel L. Miller
"Sons of Veterans," Hon. Herbert M. Heath
"Ladies' Relief Corps," Mrs. Lucia B. Leavitt
Short speeches by Hon. Eugene Hale, Hon. Wm. P. Frye, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Hon. Seth L. Milliken and other distinguished guests.
Supper at 6.30.
Band Concert.
Taps at 10.30.

MAINE STATE FAIR. That the officers of the Maine State Fair have this year been united in their efforts to beat the record, there is no question. The result is, that, although the entries are not all in, the footings are surprising, being, cattle, over 650; sheep, 400; poultry, 700 to 800; and horses, 400 or more. It is a list to be proud of. From all parts of Maine the same report is received. The people are coming to see the Maine agricultural, horticultural and pomological exhibit. It is to be complete in every department. An attraction throughout. Some of the most noted trotters of the country will contest for the races. The free-for-all will be one of the large classes, with seven to ten starters. The full list, which will be published in a few days, is surprisingly large. The interest in this exhibition may be gathered from the fact that more cottages are being built than during any one year, and that campers and tenters are making early application for space. Abundant space will be set apart for all who desire to tent on the grounds. The evening meetings will be a special feature this year. At the farmers' meeting, Monday evening, Hon. I. C. Libby will present a paper on "The most profitable stock for the average farmer to breed."

The Pomological meeting will be made one of great interest and the Grange evening will surely fill the hall. Thursday and evening will combine to add attractions which cannot be excelled. With extremely low rates on all lines of railroad the week of the Maine State Fair, Sept. 7th, to 11th, should see thousands flocking to Lewiston. At the suggestion of Secretary Twitchell, the Maine Central authorities have arranged for a special to leave Lewiston, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday after the races, at 6.25 for Brunswick and Bath. This will be appreciated. Specials trains will be run on the main trunk lines as in former years to leave the grounds after the races. With good weather the Maine State Fair will this year beat the record, and no one can afford to forget the pleasure of a trip to Lewiston during the week ending Friday, Sept. 11th.

SECOND REGATTA. The second sailing regatta of the season came off on Thursday, at Hammond's Grove, Manchester, on Lake Cobbosseecontee. There was a splendid southwest breeze, and everything was propitious for a first class sail, which took place, witnessed by quite a number of spectators. The following crafts participated:

FIRST CLASS.

Name.	Owner.	Length.
Lady of the Lake,	A. Sprague,	17 2
Emma Bello,	Emma Bello,	18 6
Florence,	Chas. Higgins,	18 10

SECOND CLASS.

Thorfin,	Robert F. Whitehouse,	15 3
Lillian,	C. W. Goodwin,	16 3
Daisy,	G. M. Wentworth,	16 0
Pigeon,	D. C. Robinson,	15 10
"M,"	H. P. Milliken,	14 2
Anna S.,	C. C. Hunt,	15 7

The boats got a good start, sailing over a five miles course, and after a spirited contest, the prizes were awarded as follows, there being two prizes in the first class and four in the second:

FIRST CLASS.

	Actual time. h. m. sec.	Corrected time. m. sec.
Emma Bello,	1 0 50	30 22 5
Florence,	1 4 20	44 24

SECOND CLASS.

	Actual time. h. m. sec.	Corrected time. m. sec.
Thorfin,	59 45	36 16.5
Lillian,	1 1	39 41
Pigeon,	1 3 30	41 42.5
Daisy,	1 4	44 24

Mr. Hunt's boat, the Anna S., at the supreme moment met with an accident by breaking the rudder, or she would have easily carried off the first prize in her class.

Following constituted the judges: Howard Owen, J. F. Pierce, John R. Gould, William H. Reid, Augusta; Fred E. Beane, S. B. Glazier, J. R. Bodwell, Hallowell; A. E. Reynolds, Cambridge, Mass.

The Grange encampment at Camp Benson, Newport, Tuesday and Wednesday, was a complete success, and withal a pleasant and profitable occasion. The principal speakers were State Master Hunt of Belmont, subject, "The Work of the Grange;" Prof. Rogers, State College, on "Taxation;" Z. A. Gilbert, of the Board of Agriculture, "The Granger's Duties as a Citizen;" and D. H. Thing, Mt. Vernon, on "The Grange as an Educator." The attendance was large, and from a wide circuit.

An entirely new craze at Bar Harbor is the astronomical party. It started from the modern Athens set at the Hotel Louisburg, and is destined to become popular. It is a midnight entertainment, beginning about eleven and lasting until one. Every guest carries an observation glass. A drive is taken up to the top of the mountain where seats are procured in the lookout house and general observations taken of the stars. A delicate repast is served on the return to the village. Many of these entertainments occur after a ball or late reception.

MISSION OF NEWSPAPERS. The man who takes but a casual glance at the daily and weekly papers of the State will, if that glance be intelligent, see very much more than the public seems ready to give credit for. An idea seems to have taken root that a newspaper is run solely for the purpose of making money, and that being the one prime object, it has no claims on the public for support. Admit the fact, as every newspaper man will, that he is in the business for the dollars that may be coined out of his hard work, and the fact still remains that if it were not for the published prints of Maine, the State would hardly have a place in history, much less in the great business centres. It seems a great amount for a man to pay two dollars a year for a weekly paper, especially after he has had the reading for twelve months; yet when one pauses long enough to consider what every issue has brought to his door, the sum seems so insignificant that it can hardly call for attention. In any field of research, in any department of labor, in any farm operations, and in mechanics, the newspapers are public servants, on the watch for any improvement or change in method which will give relief or bring greater prosperity. In this work the patient toiler at his desk becomes a public servant and benefactor. If the prime object be to gain a livelihood, it is no less the fact that the work done is for the greatest good of the greatest number.

What is true of the weekly is also of the daily. No man can afford to be without his regular publication, devoted to the furtherance of his interests. It is not enough to have the story, or incidents; one needs to have the counsels of those who are constantly studying the whole field of operations, and measuring the live questions of the day calmly and dispassionately. There's not a column of the regular weekly publications of the State but contains facts which, if taken and utilized, will bring in dollars for every cent paid out. If it were true that one could to-day do as he did twenty years ago, and there were but few changes taking place in means and methods, the lesson might not have so much force as it now has. Change is written on everything, and it is the peculiar mission of the press to weigh and measure these changes, and direct the public attention to such as are best adapted to meeting the wants of the laborer, student or artisan. This is not always an easy task, and yet it is remarkable that the record of the press has been so safe for the people to follow. If it means anything, it is that there would be but little advance but for the newspapers coming from so many quarters, all testifying to the best means and methods for improvement.

No man can afford to be without his weekly paper, and it must be one that is devoted to the upbuilding of his peculiar interests. If he be a mechanic, he wants the subject of mechanics exhaustively treated; if a physician, the subject of physics; and if a farmer, the one theme to be treated must be agriculture. The time has passed for a man to skim the whole field. There must be concentration of thought on certain lines, and those where the greatest amount of effort is to be expended. This is what makes the special publications necessary. The man at work in any field must be able at any time to avail himself of the best thoughts of others on the subject which most concerns him. If he be a farmer, he wants to have, yes, he must have, at hand at all times the reliable newspaper devoted to agriculture, so that he may turn to its pages and find the suggestion most useful at that moment. There is no time for wide research; the best thoughts of the best writers must be at hand, and this necessitates the weekly paper. For one to say, "I can't afford to take a paper," is to say "I have no desire to improve, but will keep right along in the same old ruts." The man who most needs the encouragement of the weekly paper is he who is struggling to get his head above water. For one to say, "I can't afford to pay two dollars for a paper for a year," is but little better, because it shows that he does appreciate the work intended to be done. It also shows that he has not been a reader, else he would have been the gainer by the weekly visits. Every man needs his weekly newspaper, and that need will increase each year, because, this being an age of invention, the conditions are constantly changing, and the margins are drawing closer all the while. In the multiplication of machines there will surely follow an increase of products, and this will insure lower prices. Only by a close and constant study of this problem, and by changing means and methods to meet the changed conditions, is there any chance for success. This is true all over the business world. It is full as forcibly illustrated on the farm as elsewhere; hence the imperative call for the live, progressive agricultural home newspaper, coming weekly to the home, bringing its message to aid in the solution of the vexed problems which cannot be solved saved by and through this close study on the part of those in the fields and at the desks. One sees the question from one standpoint, and the other from another, but the keenest vision of both is called for to insure the completest solution of the problem.

WEATHER-CROP BULLETIN FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 21ST. The rain which fell over the greater part of New England on the 15th and 16th, served to check the evil effects of the drouth, although the amount varied considerably in different sections. At Mayfield, Me., the fall was 1.45 inches, and it was above the normal over the greater part of New Hampshire and Vermont. At West Simsbury, Conn., 1.70 inches fell on the night of the 14th and 15th, but in the extreme western part of Massachusetts, and in the southeastern part of the same State the fall was very light. At Blandford and Marshfield, Mass., the fall was not enough to affect the crops of any extent. In Rhode Island the top of the ground was well soaked, and crops temporarily benefitted. At Holyoke, Mass., hail accompanied a hard shower on the 15th, but no damage was done. Much fruit was shaken off by the high winds of the 21st.

The average temperature has been about the normal, and the sunshine slightly above the normal. On the morning of the 20th, the temperature fell to 34.5 degrees at West Milan, N. H., but no frost has been reported from any section.

In southeastern New England the dry weather seems to have seriously affected most crops, but throughout the greater part of New England all crops are doing well, and the farmer has no cause to complain. Corn is flourishing, and with warm weather and sunshine for the next few weeks a large crop is assured. The grain harvest is going on in the north central sections, and is found very full and heavy, as in the South. Considerable hay remains to be cut in the back towns, especially in the Northern States. The rowen crop promises well in northern New England, but in central and southern New England it will be very light unless considerable rain falls. Potatoes continue to yield abundantly, with very few indications of rot. Among the reports this week the observers at Brattleboro, Vt., Walpole, Mass., and Storrs, Conn., report "little complaint of rot," while at Marblehead, Mass., "potatoes are rotting badly." At Blandford, Mass., blight is reported on potatoes in a few sections. Tobacco cutting is at its height, and a splendid crop is assured. Pears and plums are generally plenty. Winter apples very light.

Extracts from reports—Maine, May field: Rather more warmth wanted for corn and beans. Oats, barley and buckwheat are a good crop. Early potatoes show an excellent yield; no rust or rot yet. East Sumner: Crops in general looking the best for years. Brunswick: The weather the past seven days has been good for all crops. Grain harvesting going on, with yield above the average. Corn filling out well. Beans somewhat pinched by the dry spell. No farther complaint of potato rot. Although little rain has fallen, there are no crops suffering, because of moist sea breezes nearly all the week.

New Hampshire—West Milan: Early sown oats and wheat and buckwheat all promise a yield above the average. Barley looking fine. Nights too cold for corn. Littleton: Oats have filled well; some pieces are being cut. Fall feed will be very good. Blackberries are beginning to ripen. No. Haverhill: Not in need of rain; pastures and mowing fields are looking fine. Canterbury: Haying about done; fully an average crop of English hay; swale hay slightly under average. Oats heavily filled. Potatoes turning out well, and no indications of rot as yet. The rain of the 15th had a marked effect on rowen, and fields are looking green. But little rye raised in this vicinity, but what there is is very heavy.

CAPTURE OF ALMY. Our readers can hardly have forgotten the thrill of horror which passed over all the country a few weeks ago, upon the receipt of the news of the murder of Christie Warden of Hanover, N. H., by Frank Almy, formerly one of the farm hands at work for her father. Liberal rewards were offered for the capture of the criminal, and his supposed appearance in so many sections of country has furnished an item for many a newspaper. Thursday morning he was captured in one of the Warden barns, where he had made his abode since the murder, in June. Prof. G. H. Whitcher, who was instrumental in ferretting him out, furnishes the following account of the struggle and capture:

Many of the people of Hanover were never bereft of the idea that the murderer of Christie Warden had not escaped by a journey to some other State or country, but that he sought seclusion in the woods, or in some uninhabited spot not far distant from the scene of his crime.

As time rolled on, this idea was strengthened from the fact that the murderer had not been seen, as he surely would have had he attempted to travel any considerable distance. One week ago last Tuesday a party of citizens met, and after consultation, it was decided to make a most thorough search of all the surrounding country. The following Saturday, May 9, a few nights ago, a young Swede, while walking along the road, and when passing the lonely spot where Christie met her death, saw a man sitting upon the boards of the fence, and turned down and ran into the bushes upon seeing the Swede.

The Warden barns are peculiarly constructed, being long, with two or three additions. The barn in which the murderer was discovered is some two hundred feet from the Warden house, and here he had plain view of all the movements of any one about the house, as he was in a position to keep close watch through the many crevices in the building. Mrs. Warden, while in search of chickens, made the discovery that led up to the arrest of the slayer of her daughter. Under the barn laid a number of empty cans. Later, more empty cans were found, and a few bottles which had evidently contained wine or stimulants. It was then deemed necessary for the premises to be closely watched.

On Wednesday night Almy was seen to enter from under the barn, and shortly to return. It was at 4.30 when the party of 40 was complete, and with the most cautious instructions they proceeded to the scene which proved to be so exciting and successful in the capture of a man who had committed the most fiendish crime in the history of the Granite State. Bells were rung in Hanover, Norwich and Lebanon, and a general alarm given. Soon people began to pour in from all the surroundings, until at 8 o'clock several hundred had congregated about the premises.

Another party of men entered the barn and renewed the search. Charles Hewitt, a college student, was a member of the party, and did a brave act in facing and battling with the murderer. While prodding the hay in search of the fugitive, Hewitt then fired into the hay, when suddenly it began to rise, until he could see half of the body of Almy but a few feet away. Almy took aim, fired, but missed his mark. Hewitt returned the fire by taking aim at the murderer's heart, and Almy fell back as if mortally wounded. Hewitt fired again, when to his surprise Almy rose up and fired. Several shots were exchanged, and Hewitt was obliged to retreat.

The line about the barn had been strengthened, and the decision of the officers and citizens was to get 20 volunteers to again enter the barn. There was a quick response, and an entrance made. Almy now spoke, and asked to talk with John W Fuller. Fuller acceded to his wishes, and could see Almy only by looking over a beam, the murderer being crouched under the plank and among the hay. Fuller then asked what he wanted, Almy repiying he desired a conversation, and threw out a bundle of paper, saying, "On that you will find written the cause which led up to the crime I have committed. Have the contents published in the newspapers."

With two 44 calibre revolvers upraised, he wanted the assurance of Mr. Fuller that he should not be lynched provided he surrendered and gave up his weapons. Brigham then turned to the crowd, and in a speech somewhat subdued their wrath, and they promised to allow the law to take its course, but here Almy became suspicious, and for two hours refused to surrender. There was a stampede in the barn, caused by the impression that the murderer intended to make a further struggle for liberty. Lines were formed in the barn again, and he was told he would be given 20 minutes in which to surrender.

He said his leg was broken, caused by a rifle ball. He cautioned the men not to advance or he would kill some of them, and asked for Solicitor Mitchell, to whom he said if he was guaranteed protection he would surrender. With the assurance of protection he surrendered to the officers, was handcuffed, and taken in a carriage to Wescott's hotel, where Gov. Connor and Anabell laid him upon a stretcher and began to dress his wounds. His left leg had been badly wounded just below the hip, and he had a bad scalp wound, presumably made by the discharge from the revolver of young Hewitt. During the operation Almy said, "I wouldn't shoot Solicitor Mitchell, for he is a square fellow." He extended his hand to Prof. Whitcher, and said: "There is a man I know." He was weak from loss of blood, and it is the general opinion that he would have continued and made a more desperate fight were it not for his wounds.

He was arraigned before the police court, Thursday, and entered the plea of "not guilty." The whole story of the murder and capture of this daring criminal reads like a work of fiction. The men who overcame and secured are deserving of great credit. Now let the law take its course.

George H. Abbott, alias Frank C. Almy, Tuesday morning was removed from the Woodstock House, where he has been under guard since his capture and was taken to jail in Manchester, that jail being selected as it is one of the strongest in the state. At Concord Warden Pillsbury came into the car, and, taking the prisoner by the hand, said, "How do you do, Abbott?" He replied, "I do not know you."

Mr. Pillsbury was deputy warden at the time George H. Abbott was confined in the New Hampshire penetentiary, and says there is no doubt but that Almy is Abbott, his former prisoner.

AN INTERESTING CASE. A case that once attracted a great deal of attention in the United States Court in Portland is recalled by a recent sad accident at Campobello, N. B., wherein lightning demolished the house of Joseph Patch, and probably fatal injuries were sustained by Patch and his aged wife. Joseph Patch was the owner of a large storehouse which was adjacent to his house in Snug Cove; this storehouse he has leased for a number of years to a prominent wool-puller of Maine and it was utilized for the safe keeping of provincial wool subsequently to be imported into the United States through the port of Eastport, distant from the aforesaid cove less than two miles. Joseph Patch was the temporary custodian of the wool, being the employé of the Maine puller and dealer. For a number of years the government officers had entertained suspicions that the wool annually stored in Patch's storehouse was being smuggled into Maine, and after a long and painstaking investigation in the Provinces, aided by information received from Dominion official and unofficial sources, they established the fact. One July evening in 1890, a Boston treasury officer lay in Snug Cove in a boat manned by two stout Campobello oarsmen, and under the cover of darkness were unobserved while they saw wool being laden upon a vessel tied up at the end of Patch's wharf. They came out on his storehouse. When a load had been secured, the vessel steered in the direction of a town in Maine where the owner of the wool and vessel resided, avoiding the port of Eastport and customs inspection. The pursuing officer boarded the vessel when she was well within Maine waters and demanded of her captain his clearance from Campobello (a foreign sub-port,) and her manifest. These were not forthcoming, as the master declared that he had not been in Campobello for a month, and that his cargo was domestic wool. The officer knowing to the contrary, thereupon seized the craft and all she contained on the ground that the act of smuggling had been committed. Judge Webb of Portland heard the case, and by his finding, the vessel and cargo were forfeited to the government, and subsequently sold at public auction. Patch discreetly remained within the jurisdiction of Canada, although claiming to be a citizen of the United States, consequently no service by the United States marshal could be made upon him.

It has not yet been determined who will get the $4000 reward for the capture of Abbott, alias Almy. We vote for Mrs Warden, mother of the murdered girl, who was first to discover the empty cans under the barn in which Abbott was hiding, and this clew led to the discovery of his whereabouts.

Tennyson has just been celebrating his 82d birthday.

Grange News and Notes.

—On account of the severe rain of Aug. 15th, Fryeburg Grange had no meeting, and the programme arranged for that meeting, and published in the *Farmer*, will be repeated. The grand success of "Grangers' Day," and the many beautiful and instructive thoughts uttered by the several speakers, have had a tendency to put us into better and closer communion with each other, and to inspire us to new efforts in behalf of the noble order whose teachings are leading all who study them aright, "out of darkness into light;" out of the darkness of indifference and ignorance into the light of active thought, and a more perfect knowledge of the great principles which control all our works; out of the darkness of individual effort into the light of concerted action, with its good results. May we be often favored with a return of such days. M.

—The next meeting of Androscoggin County Grange will be with Pine Tree Grange, Lisbon, the first Wednesday in September. Literary entertainment will be furnished by Lewiston Grange No. 2. Papers for discussion will be presented by John L. Ham and H. A. Whitman.

E. H. LIBBY, *Sec'y.*

—York County Pomona Grange met with Banner Grange, East Waterboro, Aug. 20th; a large attendance and an interesting meeting. Subject under discussion, "Dairying, its Success and Failure." The afternoon was taken up with the discussion. Many points were well ventilated on the subject, and it was a meeting of much profit, as well as interest. Readings by Sisters Carle and Brooks way, interspersed with music, made the day very enjoyable. SEC'Y.

—GRANGE WORK IN PISCATAQUIS COUNTY. The patrons are looking forward to an all day's meeting, to be held in Foxcroft in September, when Worthy Lecturer Twitchell will give some of his good sound talk. The date of the meeting will be arranged by Worthy Lecturer Twitchell and S. C. Greeley, Worthy Master of the county Grange. Worthy Deputy Tibbetts paid an official visit to Pleasant River Grange, Aug. 8th, on the 18th. He expressed himself as quite well satisfied with the work of this Grange. We understand that he intends to visit some other Granges before long. A pleasant feature of the Pleasant River meeting, was a present at Foxcroft was the presentation of a quilt to Mrs. B. S. Ayer, the worthy and very efficient Secretary. This was the result of a voting contest which has been held for the last two months in this county, and seemed to end in a very satisfactory manner. The quilt was made by the sisters in Resolute Grange, to assist in the work of building a hall, which they intend to do next season, and for which purpose nine industrious ladies have united themselves into a sewing circle, a real working one. The quilt is a very ingenious affair. The squares are made of white cotton, worked in outline stitch with red, to represent the nine subordinate Granges, with the county Grange for the central square. Each square bears the name of the thirteen officers who were in commission the time the quilt was made, arranged in their appropriate places on the squares, each officer having paid ten cents for the honor of having his name thus inscribed. It will thus be seen that it must be a very interesting souvenir, and the manner in which our sister obtained it must make it a very pleasant keepsake. Resolute Grange has yet on hand a rich silk quilt to be worked up and still keeps at work. We think they will not be disappointed in getting a home. The quilt sold brought them over twenty-eight dollars. May they find as good a market for all their wares. L. J. HOBBS.

Maine Agricultural News.

—At the annual meeting of the Richmond Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, Wednesday, Aug. 19, the officers elected for the ensuing year were: E. Totman, President; S. E. Hadborne, First Vice President; John Woodward, Second Vice President; Henry F. Smith, Third Vice President; C. E. Dinslow, Secretary; D.

Items of Maine News.

Fifty-six young men are expected to enter the new class at Bates College this year.

Seven of Chester Nelson's finest sheep were killed or mangled by dogs last week, says the Fairfield correspondent of the Journal Reporter.

E. E. Rust and other Saginaw horsemen have purchased the stallion Rolfe N. of Swanton, owner, A. J. Neal of Lewiston. Price paid is about $25,000.

Now that the stone work on the foundation for the new woolen mill being built at Newport, is nearly completed, work will be begun on the brick work.

Three sheep have been killed and others wounded in F. H. Morse's pasture at East Waterford, by hounds belonging in Harrison.

Deputy Collector Merriam of Lubec seized the schooner Good Templar in Rumery's wharf, Monday night, with a full cargo of wool.

Dr. W. S. Howe of Lewiston, well known through Maine, died on Tuesday of a cancerous tumor, aged 58. He was a captain in the First Maine cavalry.

The fall term of the Western Normal School opened at Farmington, on Tuesday, with 102 scholars, 48 in the entering class. Twenty-five more scholars are coming.

The reunion of the 19th Maine Regiment was held in Richmond, on Tuesday. The stores and many private houses were decorated with flags. About two hundred were present from out of town.

Gilman L. Atherton, a well-known citizen of Rockland, committed suicide by hanging, Tuesday morning. He has been in ill health for some time. His age was about 65 years. He was a blacksmith by trade.

Mr. W. C. Harrington of Fairfield lost a very valuable horse, Wednesday, by its sucking on to a mowing machine, cutting one leg completely off. This is the fourth horse Mr. H. has lost within one year.

Up in Presque Isle, says an exchange, the building operations exceed those of any previous year, and the demand for mechanics is so large that many are brought there from Woodstock and Houlton.

Dinsmore & Lander of Bingham will at once build near the cove, a factory to rough turn lasts for Fitz Brothers of Auburn. They will expend some ten thousand dollars.

The sled factory at South Paris, has sent 600 chairs to Eastern Maine Agricultural Association and have an order for 200 more. They also have an order for 500 to go to the Sagadahoc Association.

The town of Dover is in good standing financially. Since the March meeting her interest bearing debt has been reduced $3000. The total reduction since 1870 is $51,000, leaving the present interest-bearing debt only $19,000.

The 14th Maine Veteran Association held its reunion this year at Castine, by invitation of Stevens Post of that place. This Post was named for Lieut. Stevens of the old 14th, and the only officer killed from Castine. The boys had a splendid time.

A syndicate of prominent Maine capitalists began operations, Friday, on the large paper mill at Bridgton, to cost about $100,000. Alvin Record, owner of the large pulp mill there, is the principal projector.

Francis C. Hathorn, of Cushing, died Sunday morning. He was a prominent Democratic politician, a member of the Legislature in '73 and '83, and held many prominent positions in local politics. He was moderator several successive years.

Rumor says that the McKay family of Norway has fallen heir to a large fortune. The property, whether bank or railroad notes or real estate, is estimated to be worth at least one million dollars and situated in England.

The 15th annual reunion of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery Association was held Monday at Bucksport, with about 300 or 400 of the veterans and their friends in attendance. It was voted to hold the next reunion in 1892 at Washington, D. C.

The mackerel fishing along the Maine coast still continues to be of the best possible kind, and the fishermen are making large hauls, while the summer visitors fairly revel in the sport of catching them. Penobscot bay has been filled with them this summer, much to the gratification of those who have to catch them.

On Monday, Frank C. Tarbox of Lewiston committed suicide by hanging himself in the same barn in which his father hung himself last spring. He has had a suicidal mania ever since his father's death, and it is only eight weeks since he attempted to end his own life by shooting. He was 42 years old and unmarried.

Fish and Game Wardens Scamman and Hunt seized some short lobsters from Orrin Hutchins at Saco Ferry, Sunday morning. In seizing them Scamman caught at the bridle of Hutchins' horse, and the latter resented it and struck at him with the whip. Then Scamman struck Hutchins in the eye and cut his face so that the blood ran.

Wm. H. Seward, whose home is in Blaine, lately an inmate of the State Reform school, was apprenticed to C. W. Deering of South Gorham last April. Tuesday he stole Mr. Deering's horse, wagon and harness and sold them for $150. He was apprehended Thursday morning by Deputy Sheriff Chute and returned to the Reform school.

The Barden House at Phillips was searched by Deputy Sheriff J. P. Noble, and about 75 gallons of liquors, consisting of 30 gallons of rum, 30 gallons of whiskey, and a quantity of champagne and ale were seized. This is the largest seizure of liquors ever made in Franklin county. The proprietor, Samuel Freimer, was arraigned before Trial Justice James Butterfield, Saturday afternoon, when the case was continued until next Saturday.

Mussle Hayden Juberie, the Armenian woman, charged with child murder at Orono, pleaded *nolo contendere* in the Supreme Court, Friday, and was sentenced to 18 months in the county jail at hard labor. Her counsel pleaded extenuating circumstances. She attempted suicide when taken to jail by choking herself, first with a shawl, and afterwards with her hands and nearly succeeded before the officers seized her.

The bears around Brownville are reported to be very thick and even chase the men who are at work in the fields near the woods. One day, recently, Mr. Judson Briggs sent one of his men out to build a fence around a pasture, but the man had not been gone long when he returned on the run and reported that he had been chased by a bear with two cubs. A small party was immediately made up and with guns returned to the pasture in search of the bear, but no trace of her could be found.

On Monday, the sixteen-year-old son of A. S. Foley of Montreal, was in bathing at the Orchard, when he was carried beyond his depth. His cries for help reached Mr. C. G. Goderham, who rushed to his assistance. His weight disturbed Mr. Goderham, who was swimming lustily for the shore, and who immediately was seen to sink below the surface of the water. Fr. Keleeher of Boston saw the situation and rushed out to the rescue of both man and boy. He found Mr. Goderham face down and head under water, floating. The drowning man and boy were pulled toward the shore and met in the surf by Dr. O'Brien of Ottawa, and Dr. Ford of Montreal. Young Foley was soon brought to a normal condition by the efforts of Dr. Harrison and others, but Mr. Goderham's heart refused to restore natural warmth. With Mr. Goderham it was a more serious matter. No pulse was felt and no signs of life for some minutes. After vigorous work life was restored. The first question asked was, "Is the boy safe?"

An unsuccessful attempt at the bunco game was made in Gorham, the other day. A man of good appearance was around asking if there were any small farms for sale in the vicinity. He was directed to Mr. Nathaniel Clements, on the old Gorham road. He saw Mr. Clements, and promised to call and look the place over in the afternoon. According, shortly after noon, he made his appearance at the Clements homestead, in a fine carriage. He looked over the premises, and expressed his satisfaction with it, but said he would like to see Mr. Clements' place before he purchased, as he would like Mr. Clements to go with him to see the place. The proposition was assented, and they started over a cross road, but before they reached their destination the man wanting to form a farm was surprised to see a team in the knee working up their track. He stopped to talk with him, and the conversation turned after a little to the matter of playing cards. The stranger had a big pile of money, which he displayed freely. Mr. Clements watched their movements with a good deal of amusement, as they veered around toward insinuations that he might easily win a fortune. After he had listened as long as he wanted to, he got out of the carriage and started for home, leaving them to work their game on some one who does not read the papers.

Mr. C. T. Nevens the well known carriage and wagon builder of Auburn, is to have a very large and attractive as well as positive and absolute auction sale of new and second hand carryalls, jump seats, beach wagons, top buggies, pleasure wagons, road carts, grocery, milk, farm and democrat wagons; stone jiggers, etc. He is badly over stocked and fully realizes that he has got to lose some money. If he closes them out this season he has got to do so right away, and that is just what he has determined to do. The sale will take place rain or shine and begin *promptly* at ten o'clock, Thursday morning, Sept. 3d at the large store house corner of Summer and Union streets, Auburn, where there is room under cover for all. Mr. Nevens wanted us to thoroughly impress one fact upon your mind and that is, that you have his pledge to sell over sixty carriages and wagons of various styles and qualities for just what you will bid for them, be the bid high or low. J. E. Conant & Co., of Lowell, Mass., will serve as Auctioneers, and the sale will begin *promptly* at advertised time.

Items of General News.

A plan for removing the New Hampshire State Agricultural College from Hanover to Durham, will probably be executed at the next meeting of the Governor's council.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley left Muerran, Monday, for Paris. Mr. Stanley seems to have almost recovered from the injury to his leg which he sustained through a fall while at Muerran.

On Thursday, President Harrison passed his fifty-eighth birthday at Mt. McGregor, where Gen. Grant died. He delivered an eloquent eulogy on General Grant, concluding with calling upon the guests to drink a silent toast to the dead hero.

King Humbert unveiled the monument of Victor Emanuel at Mandovii, Italy, on Sunday. The ceremony was the occasion of loyal demonstrations on the part of the populace. The king signed a decree granting an amnesty to all evaders of military service from the years 1848 to 1872. This affects 40,000 men.

Sunday night's storm in Northern Lancaster county, Pa., was the heaviest in sixty years. Seven bridges, a number of buildings, many sheds and fences were washed away, and many cattle were drowned. At Millway an immense iron oil tank was carried 100 feet. Half a mile of the track of the Reading and Columbia Railway at Denver was washed away.

Thursday night Benjamin Pratt, aged 16, of Middletown, Conn., shot and seriously wounded Benton Mott, aged 22, at Zoar, a suburb of that city. Pratt and Mott were returning home, when they were attacked by two roughs named Foley and Fisher. Pratt, in firing in self defence, shot his companion, Mott. Foley and Fisher have been arrested.

Among Monday's arrivals at the barge office in New York city, were Rebecca Rubenstein and her husband from Odessa. They brought with them their 34 children, whose ages range from one to 25 years. The Rubensteins are in good circumstances and will settle in New York. Mrs. Rubenstein is 45 years, and is still plump and pretty. She is about to give birth to her 25th child.

It is asserted in a despatch to the Hamburger Correspondence from Santiago de Chili, that, on Aug. 19, 60 unarmed youths, all of whom belonged to good families, while holding a political meeting were massacred by a detachment of cavalry by order of President Balmaceda. Unbounded indignation among all classes has been caused by the massacre.

Under the new law, county auditors in North Dakota are required to furnish the commissioner of agriculture with full returns of the grain acreage. All but ten counties have been heard from, and a careful estimate of the missing counties gives the total at 3,000,000 acres of wheat. A conservative figure on the general yield—seventeen bushels to the acre—will make North Dakota's wheat crop 51,000,000 bushels this year. It will require at the 56,000,000 for seed, leaving 46,000,000 bushels for market.

Mrs. William Huxley, living in a small cabin near Buffalo Shoals, West Va., was engaged in making soap, Thursday, and left her six months old baby sleeping in its cradle. She shortly afterward heard the infant cry, and hurrying into the cabin, discovered an enormous black snake partially coiled about the child. The snake had swallowed the child's arm to the shoulder. The mother succeeded in killing the snake, and rescuing her child. The snake was over seven feet long and fought wickedly. The baby's arm was blistered as though it had been in boiling water.

The President is making a flying trip through a portion of New York State and Vermont, and is everywhere being received with enthusiasm. He has been presented with flowers by the children, and greeted with immense crowds of people, whom he has addressed in the most happy vein. The most elaborate reception of the trip was at St. Albans, Vt., on Tuesday. About 12,000 people were massed in the park. It is estimated that the town, whose population is 9000, contained 8000 strangers. Many of these were from points in the interior, as well as from points in New York State. The scene was one of unusual splendor. From the branches of elm and maple trees 2000 Chinese lanterns depended. When the President appeared on the balcony from which he spoke, the enthusiasm was intense. The trip will end this week.

George Hamilton and his wife of Ironton, Ohio, went visiting Friday afternoon, leaving three children aged eight, four and three. On their return the children were missing. After a lengthy search the parents found the three little ones confined in an old tool chest, where they had died from suffocation. Wilbur Warndeck, a playmate of the Hamilton children, admitted to his mother that Kirke Ewilche and a boy named Pendleton, together with himself, while playing jail, locked the unfortunate children in the chest, and being called to supper immediately after, neglected to let them out. When told that Warndeck had confessed the other boys told the same story. The mothers of the children are crazed with grief, but it is hardly likely that anything will be done in the matter as none of the boys are older than eight years.

The steamer Startled Fawn, a pleasure boat on the Merrimac river, above the dam, Lawrence, Mass., came down the river at a few minutes before six o'clock, Thursday, with about 200 passengers on board. While turning to make a mooring at the wharf, the tiller handle broke, leaving the boat unmanageable. With rare presence of mind, Capt. Spates got some wrenches and when the boat was in the swift current near the falls he succeeded in turning her bow towards the head of the canal, where it struck against the boom post and rested. Intense excitement prevailed. Women fainted and children cried for help. Only for some cooler headed ones, lives would have been needlessly lost. The steamer Henrietta and many row boats rescued the passengers. Five minutes after the last one left the boat it lurched and went to the bottom. Only for prompt action the boat would have gone over the falls.

Recent information concerning the opening of Indian lands causes an influx of people that is surprising. Boomers are arriving with wagons of every description, headed for the lands and the best locations. When the President's proclamation is issued throwing the lands open for settlement there will be a scramble almost equal to that which took place on the opening of Oklahoma. Every conceivable specimen of humanity put in an appearance. Some intend to build flat boats with which to cross streams, other have houses on wheels, stocked with provisions ready to move at a moment's notice. On a line which extends from Gilmore on the South Canadian for 60 miles or more are encamped a thousand homeless people anxiously awaiting the President's proclamation. They are all under the United States marshal's surveillance. When that order to move is given there will undoubtedly be trouble.

A little after noon, Saturday, an explosion occurred in the five-story building extending from No. 68 to 74 Park Place, New York City, and in a moment a frightful rumbling noise was heard and the entire front portion of the walls collapsed and fell outward in a pile on the street. About fifty people escaped from the building with their lives. Work was immediately begun on recovering the bodies. Thirty-seven bodies of the victims were found in the ruins, and eighty-eight persons are now reported as missing. On Tuesday an awful stench arose from the pile of debris, and disinfectants had to be used. Coroner Messemer impressed the opinion Monday evening that when the cellar on the west side of the ruins has been reached there will be found over twenty bodies of women and young girls who were waiting in line at the cashier's desk to receive their salaries. None of these girls have returned to their homes and their friends wait anxiously the time when the workmen will begin to remove the mass of bricks at that point.

John Conway, the steamship fireman who was sentenced to death for the murder of the boy Nicholas Martin, was hanged in Liverpool, Thursday. There was a sensational scene on the scaffold. As Berry, the hangman, was drawing the bolt over Conway's head, the latter shouted: "Hold on! I want to say something." To this request Berry replied: "You can't speak now," and was about to proceed with the execution, when the priest who was in attendance upon the criminal hastily interposed, pushed the hangman on one side, and held Conway's hand while the condemned man in broken tones, asked forgiveness for his sins. Only when the unfortunate wretch had done speaking, and when the priest had replied to his plea for forgiveness, did the latter permit the hangman to proceed. This incident caused intense excitement among those present at the hanging, but it was as nothing compared to the horrible scene which was to follow. In due course of time the drop fell and Conway disappeared from view. Almost immediately afterward the priest began to read the confession of the hanging man. In the confession Conway said that he was intoxicated when he murdered the boy and that his reason for taking the boy's life was that he had a morbid curiosity to observe the process of dying. While the priest was reading Conway's confession a streaming sound was heard from the scaffold as if a quantity of water was falling. A hurried investigation was made by the hangman and by the prison officials, and to their horror they found that the sound was caused by blood which was pouring upon the prison floor from Conway's neck. The fall, it seems, had been so severe that the criminal's head had been practically torn from his body; in fact, the head was only held to the body by the muscles of the neck. People believe that this horrible hanging will be freely used as an argument in favor of the abolition of hanging as a means of execution, and substitution of electricity for the rope.

MAKE SURE OF THIS.

WHENEVER a cooking receipt calls for baking powder, use only the "Royal." Better results will be obtained because it is the purest. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. It is always reliable and uniform in its work.

A. FORTIN, *Chef*, White House, for Presidents Arthur and Cleveland: "I have tested many baking powders, but for finest food can use none but 'Royal.'"

AT THE COURT OF POMONA. Cumberland County Pomona Grange met with Wescustogo Grange, No. Yarmouth, Aug. 19th, Worthy Master Hunnewell in the chair, and opened in due form. Prayer by Worthy Chaplain Shurtleff. Music by the Grange choir. The Worthy Secretary was absent on account of the severe sickness of his wife, and Bro. W. H. Vinton was appointed Secretary pro tem. The record of the last meeting was not present to be read. The record of the last meeting but one was present, read and approved. Address of welcome by Bro. Howard Cole of Wescustogo Grange:

Worthy Master, Visiting Brothers and Sisters: The ceaseless march of the months has again brought the appointed time for us to assemble in the court of Pomona. And in behalf of Wescustogo Grange, I bid you a cordial welcome. I feel that the best words that I can speak will but faintly express the gratitude and pleasure we feel at being honored by your presence, and the warm welcome we wish to extend to you.

Your presence with us to-day strengthens anew the fraternal ties binding us in mutual brotherhood. And we are sure the blessing of the Great Master will abide with us, encouraging us in our faithfulness to the principles of our order. The objects of the Grange should be the extending of personal acquaintance among its members, improvement in conversation and public speaking, and by preparing for a higher agricultural knowledge. Each cultivator of the soil needs to know all that the wisdom and experience of others may teach. We can see that these objects have been partially realized in the farms, improved implements, methods of farm work, and the better knowledge that farmers have of things in general.

The Grange is a school for the young farmer, to educate him for an active participation in the town meeting, conventions, and the legislature. Far too many farmers of riper years have found that men of far less ability than themselves, often receive the advantage in a legislative or public questions, by a better knowledge of the rules of parliamentary law. Let our farmer boys come to the front in this respect, and cultivate self-reliance by the opportunities offered by the Grange, and not be compelled to take a back seat, or display on common occasions an ignorance of parliamentary law.

Our Granges can only reach their highest usefulness by hearty co-operation in all that sustains the interest of the Grange meetings. Each member should consider himself or herself personally responsible for the prosperity of the Grange. A few cannot be expected to do the many things that are to be done, but doing something will add much to the general prosperity of the Grange and of the order.

To this end let us labor, that the Grange may be extended, until every farmer and every member of his family of proper age shall become a member of our association, and at no distant day will the burdens of the agricultural classes be removed, and the millenium of the brightest possibilities dawn upon the American husbandman.

May kind heaven the glad day hasten,
When in our fraternal band
We shall number in our order
All who till the smiling land.

Responded to by Worthy Lecturer Ayer, and also by Bro. Bell of Presumpscot Grange. The committee raised at a former meeting to report resolutions on the death of Bro. Charles Mitchell, reported, and also upon the death of Sister Skillin of Wescustogo Grange. Bro. W. H. Vinton presented a resolution on the death of Bro. W. W. Harris of Presumpscot Grange. Remarks upon the same were made by Bro. Bell, and by the Worthy Master:

Whereas, In the infinite wisdom of the Great Architect of the universe, two of our members, Bro. Charles Mitchell of Wescustogo Grange, and Sister Sarah Skillin of the same Grange, have been taken from our ranks and companionship to another sphere of usefulness; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, by Cumberland County Pomona Grange, that what we have seen in the lives of these two true and good patrons, of their virtues and excellencies, we will cherish in our hearts; and while we cherish their loss, we will ever extend to their afflicted families and friends our warmest sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our records.

SARAH A. SWEETSER,
SAM'L H. SWEETSER, } *Committee on Resolutions.*

Whereas, Since our last meeting, Bro. W. W. Harris, a worthy member of Presumpscot Grange, has been removed by death; therefore

Resolved, That the death of Bro. Harris has removed from Presumpscot Grange, and also from this Pomona Grange, one of its most worthy and devoted members, and in his family has made a vacancy which cannot be filled. Therefore we offer our most heartfelt sympathy to the Grange in its loss, and to the family in its affliction and sorrow.

Resolved, That this resolution be spread upon our records, and an official copy of the same be sent to Presumpscot Grange, and to the family of our deceased brother.

Voted that the resolutions be adopted, spread upon the records, and copies be furnished the families, and that upon the death of Bro. Harris be published in the daily papers. An invitation was received from Naples Grange to meet with them next time. Voted to raise a committee to consider the matter, and to report later in the meeting. Bros. Hill, Lane and Shurtliff were appointed said committee. The fifth degree was conferred upon nine brothers and thirteen sisters. Fees received for the same, $2.25, and passed to the Worthy Treasurer.

RECESS FOR DINNER.

"And they did all eat and were filled; and they took up of the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full." A little more in this case; thirteen, to be accurate, depending a little on the size of the basket.

LADIES' HOUR.

This was an exercise of much more than usual merit. Two things prominently appeared: First, to the most casual observer, the excellent appearance of the performers; second, to the most critical observer, the rare excellence of the performance.

Programme: Music by the choir; recitation, "Washington's Kiss," Miss Gertie Rowe; recitation, "Bachelor's Sale," Alice Blanchard; recitation, "The Bell of Artri," Stella Perley; song by Mrs. Sarah Hayes, "The Ferryman;" original paper, "The Future Farmer," Mrs. M. J. Kimball; recitation, "The Whistling Regiment," Mrs. Will Johnson; memorial, "Pomona's and Wescustogo's Dead," Mrs. S. H. Sweetser; musical recitation, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Susan Perley.

The committee on next meeting reported that we accept the invitation, and that Naples Grange fix the time of the meeting, and make arrangements for transportation across the lake, and inform all the Granges thereof by letter. Report accepted. The question submitted at a former meeting, "Dairying," was discussed by Bros. Hill, Ayer, Barstow, Foster, Vinton, and by Sisters Morse, Nash and Knight. Voted that the thanks of Pomona Grange are hereby tendered to Wescustogo Grange for their cordial greeting, friendly hospitality and bountiful entertainment. Closed in due form.

W. H. VINTON, *Sec'y pro tem.*

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of the Maine Farmer will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sick headache? Beecham's Pills will relieve.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Aug. 26, 1891.

Names of Drovers.	Horses.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN.				
S. H. Wardwell,	15	17		
AT BRIGHTON.				
I. M. Philbrook,		17		20
W. W. Hall,	25	10	44	28
I C. Libby & Son,		10	1073	100

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN YARDS.

Cattle, 3,175; sheep, 12,823; hogs, 21,809; veals, 1,157; horses, 497.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 63; sheep, .1,117; hogs, 35; veals, 173; horses, 77.

CATTLE FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Shipment of cattle from the port of Boston for the past week was 2181 head, with no improvement from the last week's decline, still at 11c dressed weight.

THE POSITION OF THE TRADE.

Cattle are moving in a sluggish way. The weather is hot and butchers of cattle find the trade very slow in the city, and western dressed beef arrives freely with considerable of the none too good kind. Cattle were selling what did sell at a decline ¼c dressed weight.

Sheep and Lambs—The trade only fair, but a marked improvement may be expected about the second week in September, but dealers must not market too many on the start. Don't overload, when a part can go on another week. Prices generally sustained on all grades.

Fat Hogs—Full trains are daily received from the west. Sundays not an exception. Arrivals of western for the past week 31,310 head, with the balance of a total from New England. Western cost delivered here 5@5¾c live weight, and country 6¾c.

Milch cow market does not revive. It is true a good many cows change hands each week, but they moved slowly, and concessions have to be made to effect sale, unless one has something quite fancy and well up as to quality, sales generally from $25 to $50 per head.

Veal calves do not go a-begging. Prices fairly sustained. Some sales made at 5¾c, and a few at 6c per lb., but much of the stock at 5¼@5½c. Butchers want the good lots.

Live Poultry—7800 lbs. came by eastern steamers from the State of Maine, in crates, with sales of mixed lots of hens and turkeys at 10@11c; chickens at 15c.

Horse market is dull enough, and no improvement in prices on July sales. Common grades very dull at $60@$115 for fresh Western; drivers at $100@$250; draft at $160@$300.

REMARKS.

There appears to be no end to the hosts of cattle that come from the West; cattle fully grown, two and three years old, weighing anywhere from 1000 to 1500 lbs.; cattle in excellent flesh, and when our eastern drovers inspect them, they can find no fault in them. They come by the thousands a week, right to the Watertown stock yards, preparing for a final start to Liverpool, London and Glasgow. Sometimes a steamer lands them at Hamburg, but the most of them go to the three first ports. The past week has been a hard one for exporters," says a cable that came direct from Liverpool, in substance; "most impossible to turn the cattle into money," and that the best price was 5¼ pence, equal to 11c dressed weight. It is a pity that such excellent beeves should be made a sacrifice, but where could we find an outlet for the millions of cattle raised in the West, were it not for the export trade? We will hope that, take one week and another, exporters may be able to realize enough to cover their year's business. Cattle for our home trade are held at fairly steady prices, and if the West would let up, good prices might be realized. But we have the advantage over the West in dressed beef, and our cattle merchants make the most of this part of the live stock business. They come freely, and the eastern drovers seem to be favored with good prices; and we sometimes think that farmers pay fully all they are worth for those of good quality, and we think that is the general opinion of sellers who look into the details of the Boston meat market. We think that eastern dealers will have no difficulty in their disposal of all the lambs they can bring to market, as there is a good healthy competition to contend with here.

SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

A fair amount of milch cows on sale; also a few yoke of working oxen. The trade is not an all active, but fairly considered slow at sale, and the working oxen traffic is just started in. A few yoke sold by J. D. Hosmer: 1 pair girthing 6 ft., 8 in., live weight 2900 lbs., at $95; 1 good pair girthing 7 ft., 2 in., live weight 3100 lbs., at $125; 1 coarse pair of oxen, of 2800 lbs., at $75. R. Conners sold 2 milch cows at $37.50 each; 1 springer at $40; 1 cheap canners, the lot for $25. P. W. Thompson sold a good new milch cows and 1 springer for $100. E. N. Smith & Son sold 7 good new milch cows at $40 per head. W. Scollans sold 1 fancy milker at $55; 1 extra cow, $45; 2 do. at $45; 1 at $48, and 2 for $92.50 each. A. E. Johnson, agent, sold 2 milch cows at $33 per head; 2 extra cows at $40 each; 1 at $39. J. S. Henry sold 2 extra cows at $45; 3 do. at $48 each; and 5 more common cows (still good) at $35 each. W. H. Hall of Sudbury sold 4 extra milch cows at $42.50 each, and 1 milker at $31. Remick & Cheney sold 1 choice milch cow at $50; 1 extra cow, $45. I. C. Libby & Son sold 2 springers at $35 per head; 1 heifer at $25, and 2 choice new milch cows at $50 per head.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Aug. 25.

FLOUR AND MEAL. The demand for flour is fair for small lots, and prices are steady. We quote fine, superfine and common extras at $3 50@4 25; extras and seconds at $4 50@5 25; Minnesota bakers, clears and straights, at $5 25@5 75; spring wheat, clears and straights, at $5 15@5 65; winter wheat patents at $5 00@5 15, and spring wheat patents at $5 85@6 50 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers and millers' prices. Rye flour is steady at $5 50@6 per bbl. Oat meal is quiet, with sales of fine at $5 75, and cut at $6 00@6 40 per bbl. There is a quiet market for corn meal. Sales of bag meal at $1 48@1 50, and barrel meal sells at $3 05@3 10 for choice kiln-dried. Granulated meal sells at $3 90@4 00 per bbl.

GRAIN. The demand for corn was moderate and prices were easier. Steamer yellow was offered at 79c and steamer mixed at 78c per bush. Chicago No 2 yellow corn in Boston yard was offered at 75½@76c per bush. Oats were quiet on the spot, with clipped selling at 45@46c, and No 2 white at 43@43½c, per bush for shipments; No. 1 clipped sold at 44½@45c; No 2 at 42½@43c; No 3 and Chicago No 2 white at 42¾@43c. per bush.

MILLFEED. The market is quiet. Sack spring bran sells at $18 00 and sack winter bran at $19. Middlings range from $22@$23 00, and mixed feed meal, to arrive, is offered at $27 25 per ton. Canada bran sells slowly at $20 per ton, in bulk.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE. The butter market is not as buoyant as last week. Current prices in Boston for finest Western creamery were 22@23 cents per pound in lots to the trade. One or two fancy brands were charged up to regular customers at 23½ cents, but 23 cents was considered an extreme price for fancy selections. Some receivers said that 22@22½ cents was all that could be realized for extra, if put on the market on its merits. Fine fresh Northern creamery was not offered much under 20 cents, and it is doubtful if much could be bought under 20½ or 21 cents, as most coming in is held for a jobbing trade. Jobbers were pretty stiff at 24 @25 cents for finest fresh stock, either Western or Northern.

The cheese trade was not fully up to expectation, and it was hard to realize cost on late receipts. Buyers were slow to respond to the full advance, and Northern extra, New York sizes, were not taken freely at over 9¼ cents, though 9¾ to 10 cents should be the rate.

Eggs the past few days have been selling more freely, but trade as a whole has been dull and unsatisfactory. Good Western sold yesterday at 17@18½ cents, and 18 cents was obtained for reliable marks of Michigan. Fresh Eastern ruled at 19@20 cents.

Beans have been in limited request, with no material change in prices. Sales of choice mediums at $2 25@$2 30 and large pea at $2 30@$2 35 per bushel. Yellow eyes rule quiet at $2 75 per bushel for improved.

Potatoes are selling mostly at $1 55@$1 65 per barrel, with a few at $1 70. In bulk sales at 50@55 cents.

HAY. Hay continues in liberal receipt and slow of sale. Fancy cars of New York and Canada command $17@18 per ton, but for most of the Eastern arriving $16 is a full rate, and most sales come within $12@$15. Rye straw dull at $14 @$15 per ton.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Aug. 25.

CATTLE—Receipts 8000; shipments 2500; the market is fairly active and irregular; no prime to extra steers on sale; top prices for natives, 5@5 35; others at 3@5 75; Texans, 2 10@3 35; stockers, 2 35@3 25; rangers, 2 25@4 20; native cows, 1 40@2 60

SHEEP—Receipts 7,00; shipments, 2500; market fairly active and steady: native ewes, $3 00@4 50; mixed, 4 60@4 80; wethers, 5@5 25; Westerns, 3 80@4 4 25; lambs, 3 00@5 50.

HOGS—Receipts 12,000; shipments 7,000; market slow and lower; rough and common, 3 75@4 50; mixed and packers, 4 80 4 97½; prime heavy and butchers' weights, 5 00@5 25; prime light, 5 50@5 65.

For Sleeplessness
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, *and it alone*, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER.]

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 26.

APPLES—New, 25@40cents per bu.
BEANS—Pea beans 2 50; Yellow Eyes $2 00@$2 25.
BUTTER—Ball Butter 30c. Creamery, 20@22c.
CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 10@11c.
COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.
EGGS—Fresh, 19@20c per dozen.
FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50@7 00.
GRAIN—Corn 90c; oats 70c; barley 85c; Rye $1 00.
HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.
STRAW—$7 75@8.
HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 5c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 6c; bulls and stags, 3@3½c.
LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.
LARD—Tierce 7c; in tins, 8@8½c.
MEAL—Corn 88c; rye 90@1 00.
SHORTS—$1 40@1 50 per hundred.
PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 3½@6c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 13@14; spring chicks, 18@20c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 8@10c; veals 7@8c; turkeys, 15@18c; round hog 5¼@6c.
PRODUCE—New potatoes, 40@45cents per bushel; cabbages, $1.00 per hundred; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 50c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 26.

APPLES—Eating, $2 50@3 50 per barrel; cooking, $2 50@3.00; evaporated, 14@16c per lb.
BUTTER—17@18 for choice family; creamery, 20@21c.
BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 60; Yellow Eyes, $3 00@3 25.
CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 9¼@10¼c; N. Y. Factory, 9¼@10¼c.
FLOUR—Superfine, $5 12@5 38; Spring X and XX, $5 60@5 75; Roller Michigan, $5 75@6 87; St. Louis Winter Patents, $6 25@6 37.
FISH—Cod Shore, $5 75@6 00; Scaled herring per box, 18@22c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $20 00@23 00.
GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 82@83; oats, 55@58; cotton seed, car lots, $27 50@28 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $28 00@29 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $20 00@22 00; middlings, car lots, $24 00@28 00; middlings, bag lots, $26 00 @29 00.
LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7¾c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7¾c; pail, 6¼@10¼c.
PROVISIONS—Fowl, 15@17c; spring chickens, 28@30c; turkeys, 00@00c; eggs, 19@20c; new potatoes per bbl., $1 00@1 25; pork backs, $16 00@16 50; pork backs, $16 00 @16 50; clear, $15 00@15 50; hams, 10½ @11c; covered, 11½@12½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 26.

APPLES—$0 00@0 00 per bbl.
BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 40@2 50 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 50@2 75.
BUTTER—Best, 17@18c per lb.; fair to good, 15@16c.
EGGS—19c per doz.
CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10½ @11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 11@ 12c.
GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 60c per bushel.
HAY—$9@10 per ton; best bales, $11@ 12.
CORN—85c; meal, 80c.
POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 50@ 55c.
PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 5½@6c. Chickens, 25@28c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c; Turkeys, 00@00c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.

United States Bonds, New 4s, (reg.),		117½
" " " (coup.)		117½
" " New 4½s (reg.)		109½
" " 4½s (coup.)		109½
" " Pacific 1sts.		105

Died.

Items and Incidents.

There is an over production of peaches this year. In Easton, Md., they are selling as low as five cents a basket.

The Great Benefit

Which people in a run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusive-ly proves this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

Byron Shea of Arrowsic was struck by lightning the other day and knocked down like a flash. A hole was burned in the brim of his hat, his face was scorched and his back burned. He lay as if dead for some time and then revived with most intense pain in his chest, but in a few days was all right again. His silver watch was ruined, part of it having been melted. The barn was set on fire at the same time, but the flames were extinguished with little damage.

Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—it usually comes in this form—"make the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

Hon. F. A. Bishop of Brookside stock farm, near Bangor, has marketed from two acres of strawberries this season nearly 150 bushels. James Hasey raised from 1500 plants about 500 quarts of fine berries. From 100 plants Ezekiel Wentworth gathered 50 quarts; especial attention.

Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Hall's Hair Renewer, the best preparation out to cure them. Try it.

Many a man has cast a shadow on his life by standing in his own light.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation and piles cured in less time, with less medicine,

Poetry.

Hoeing and Praying.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray,
"I've worn my knees nigh through to the bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.

"Your corn looks just twice as nice as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church to shine,
An' tell salvation's free.

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times
For to make that 'ere corn grow;
An' why you beat it so, an' climbs,
I'd gin a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet way:
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones,
They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are good an' tall
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil,
Along in every row;
An' I work this mixture into the soil
Quite vig'rous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost well worked in
Makes pretty decent corn.

"So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord, He does the rest.

"It's well for to pray both night and morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying, though,
If an answer you would get;
For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe,
Never raised a big crop yet.

"An' so I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win this day,
From plowing clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."

Our Story Teller.

SEEN AND UNSEEN.

"I guess, father, you're goin' to have the best hay day to-morrow you've had yet."

"Shouldn't wonder if we was, mother. Master hot at any rate, by the looks of that sun, but we may git a thunder shower 'fore it's over."

Farmer Faxon and his wife were sitting on their western doorstep, enjoying rest after a long, busy day, be in the hay field, she with baking in the morning and ironing in the afternoon.

Little daughter Susy sat between them, so close to her father's knee that her thick reddish brown hair brushed across it whenever she turned her head to look at the sun sinking behind Bald mountain on one side, or at Eben milking in the barnyard on the other, and then bent again over her book, an illustrated Pilgrim's Progress, her last Christmas present from Mrs. Goodwin.

"It's like Christian's shield, isn't it?" she said at last.

Her mother laughed. "It looks to me like one of our stove covers when it gits red-hot."

Susy turned to her father.

"I was thinkin' of the fire-balloons last Fourth o' July. 'Tisn't flat to my eyes. There! Eben's done milkin'." He rose stiffly, like a tired man no longer young, adding: "You bring a dipper of water out to the red shed, sis. We've got to grind our scythes, an' then I'm goin' to bed, for we must start soon's it's light to git ahead of the heat."

Mrs. Faxon went in to strain the milk, and Susy, closing her book with a sigh, was about to follow her, when the boy called brother give a little beckoning nod—he had a pail in each hand—so she ran round to the shed door to meet him.

"Say, sis," he whispered, "there's a sing at the schoolhouse to-night. If you'll turn grindstone for father, you c'n get a new dime out o' my wallet in my Sunday coat pocket."

"All right," said Susy. "And, oh, Eben, will you ask Cynthy if she don't want to go blueberryin' with me to-morrow up on the mountain where you're goin' to mow?"

He nodded pleasantly, and the parents only smiled at each other when they saw him, washed and combed, with a clean gingham coat over his flannel shirt, taking the foot path through the orchard toward the next farm, while Susy went to the grindstone.

Susy was wakened next morning by the sound of wooden chairs drawn up to the table over a painted floor below. She sat up, rubbing her eyes. Could breakfast be ready? Why had no one called her? In the next moment she was pattering barefooted down the uncarpeted stairs. The door at the foot opened beside Eben's chair. Her father had bowed his head to ask a blessing on the food; her mother's eyes were reverently closed, but Eben's were open and laughing. He had heard the pat of the bare feet, and as the door opened his strong arm gathered the little sister like a soft kitten into his lap, and his arms were round his neck his brown cheek rested on her tumbled hair, and both listened to the solemn familiar words: "Heavenly Parent, from whom we receive the blessings of life, we thank thee for the sleep and safety of the past night, and for the food spread before us. Keep us this day from all sin, and from dangers seen and unseen. Bless the labor of our hands, and guide us for our good and thy glory, for Christ's sake, amen."

Then looking up and seeing his little girl, he smilingly said, "How's 'e mother goin' to eat an' tend such a big baby?"

"You no need to have got up this hour or two, said Mrs. Faxon. "Cynthy's got to help her mother, an' ain't comin' till half after eight. You run right back and take another nap. Growin' children need lots of sleep."

But upstairs seemed too far from good company now. Susy looked distressed. Eben felt her cling to him, and his kindly heart decided a better way. "I'll put you in marm's bed," he whispered, and opening a door behind his father's chair he carried her into a down stairs bed room, laid her gently in her mother's place, drew a light quilt over her, and left the door sociably open. Before he was fairly in his seat again the child was asleep.

An hour went by; two hours; the men were a mile away, up the hill; Mrs. Faxon churned, and was now busy buttering and and turning her cheeses in the dairy.

The ticking of the old clock on the chest of drawers was the only sound in the deserted kitchen, and still Susy slept. The clock struck seven, but it did not rouse her. A tall young man with black whiskers came up the path to the kitchen door. He was in his shirt sleeves, but he did not look like a farmer. His hands were as delicate, his face pale, even frightened looking, and his manner was anxious and hurried. He knocked lightly on the open door, but no one heard him. His restless black eyes searched every corner of the quiet homely room; then he stepped in.

Susy's breakfast stood on a corner of the table; the cat lay asleep in the rocking chair; the bed room door was open. There might be some one there. A cough. No one came or stirred. Swiftly, and silently he glided in, and took up Susy's own china mug with a rose painted on it. It was full of milk just from the cows. He drank it at one gulp, despatched a piece of pie and slice of cheese with equal greediness, thrust some doughnuts into his pocket, and then discovered a dish of milk toast set on the stove to keep warm. In his haste he knocked off the tin cover, and it fell rattling to the floor, rousing Susy, who answered drowsily, "Yes, Eben, I'm comin'!" and like a shadow, the intruder was gone.

Susy came yawning in, smiled at the milk toast, picked up the cover, patted the cat, and ran up stairs to dress. Returning, she brought the dish to the table, and filled her mug from the pitcher, saying to herself, "I s'pose mother put all the coffee in the men's jug for dinner." She accounted for the lack of the usual pie in the same way but was quite satisfied to make her whole breakfast on her favorite slip toast, with some apple sauce the man had left, and was just finishing both when mother came in.

"Well, child," she exclaimed, with an amused glance at the empty plates, "your nap made you good an' hungry, didn't it? Now you c'n wash up the dishes an' put 'em away, put some hard wood in the stove, and set on the kettle while I make the beds. I've got all my butter an' cheese work done, an' I'm goin' to finish the ironin' 'fore it's any hotter."

"There isn't much hot, is there, mother?"

"No; only the colored things that we hung on the orchard fence. I guess I'll bring 'em in and sprinkle 'em 'fore I go up stairs." She went out as she spoke, but returned quickly, looking excited and red.

"It's the strangest thing, Susy! I can't find Eben's new striped shirt high nor low, an' only three pairs of socks, an' I know there are four."

"Perhaps Eben took his shirt and forgot to tell you."

"Well, I guess folks'll think I'm gittin' pretty shiftless if they see my boy goin' roun' in rough dry socks. You c'n tell him I don't like it one bit, an' the socks not mended! If 'twas any little starched thing I should lay it to the calf; he's eat up more'n one nightcap for me, but he wouldn't touch wood a-fussin'. There, child, you needn't look so distressed. Run an' get the six-quart pail an' your hat. I c'n see Cynthy comin' out her door."

"But I mean to pick more'n six quarts, mother."

"Well, there's the dinner pail the men folks took; you'll have that time yours is full."

"I mean to take my little basket too; it holds just a quart, and I like to measure as I go along. Oh, where can it be?"

"Out in the barn, ain't it? You took it to get the eggs las' night, an' brought 'em in your apron after all. There were so many."

"Oh, so I did! I'll run as quick's I can. Good-mornin', Cynthy. Please wait just a minute."

"Waitin's cooler than walkin', this weather," said Cynthy, good naturedly, seating herself on the threshold. "Splendid hay day, ain't it, Mis' Faxon? Father thinks we're in for a drought, but gran'ma says her bones feel rain comin'."

"That's what father says," said Mrs. Faxon.

"An' there's another sure sign of wet," added the girl, laughing. "One of them walkin' men went along this morning, and stopped in to buy a loaf o' bread and get a drink o' milk. Mother was dreadfully put out 'cause we hadn't anything but soda biscuits and Johnny cake. She told him the men had gone off for the day, and taken all the loaf bread there was. He was very pleasant, and seemed glad enough of what we had. Said he was walkin' for his health, an' wanted to know the road to the Notch. He was sittin' eatin' quite comf'table, an' mother was tellin' him that if he was anyways dyspeptic she had a kind of bitters that was good for that, an' she wohld give him a little bottle to put in his pocket, if he'd try it, when—I dunno what possessed me—I began to whistle. You see I was workin' over the butter in the pantry, an' I didn't know there was any stranger 'round. Well, mother says that man got right up, an' says he, 'Thought you said your men folks had gone away,' an' looked at her quite sharp and provoked like. You know she thinks it's a dreadful thing for a girl to whistle, so she was ashamed to say 'twasn't a boy, an' she got as red as could be, an' never said a word; an' he just took his hat and walked right off, hardly said 'much obliged.' Wasn't that real funny?"

"Perhaps he wasn't quite right in his mind, poor man," said Mrs. Faxon. "Which way did he go?"

"Over toward Cap'n Bank's," said Cynthia, nodding in the direction opposite to that which she was ashamed to say 'twasn't a boy, an' she got as red as could be, an' never said a word; an' he just took his hat and walked right off, hardly said 'much obliged.' Wasn't that real funny?"

"Well, must be goin'," said Cynthia, rising, and then she jumped and gave a little scream as Eben came pushing the bushes behind her.

"You didn't scare me," said Susy, "cause I saw you in the barn, an' I've been lookin' for you to jump out at us ever since."

"In the barn?" said Eben, staring. "I haven't been there since I did my chores at four o'clock this mornin', and you know you were sound asleep."

"Who was it at the meal barrel, then?" said Susy, staring in her turn.

"When?"

"Bout half an hour ago. I was up on the hay after my basket, an' I heard somebody steppin' round down stairs; an' I peeped through a crack an' saw you dippin' out meal."

"Guess that was one o' your dreams in marm's bed;" and Eben laughed, and stooped to drink from the spring.

"It wasn't a dream," said Susy, indignantly. "I didn't see your face, 'cause your head was in the barrel, but I knew your striped shirt. Why, what have you changed it again for?" she added, bewildered, seeing that he had one on of plain blue. "Mother didn't like it a bit, your takin' it away."

"The child's had a sunstroke, an' lost her wits," said Eben. "I haven't seen that striped shirt to-day."

"Like as not Sam Banks was out o' meal, and came over to borrow," said Cynthia, giving Susy a soothing pat. "Lots of men wear those shirts. Come, let's get to work. We shan't have any pies or berry cake at this rate." And she turned her head into the open pasture, followed by the others, after Eben had comforted Susy (who looked ready to cry) by a kiss and a whisper. "I'll make it all right with marm about the shirt." He thought that his mother had found fault because he had, in Cynthia's honor, put on a fresh garment for a hot day's work on the mountain, and naturally did not want it discussed.

After showing the girls where the berries were thickest, he returned to his scythe, and they did not see him again until noon, when the hallo sunron, gull, fish-hawk, and the red lightning zigzagging in the inky cloud that hid Bald Mountain!

At last the roar dwindled to a whisper, the sun broke gloriously through the flying mists, robins came hopping back on the short field, and the delicious notes of the wood thrust were heard from the dripping thicket. Then quickly the men pitched off the sweet smelling hay to season at its leisure in the airy old barn, and the whole party was jolting down the hill in the empty cart behind the sober red oxen.

After supper, when Eben was milking, Mr. Faxon strolled down to the bridge at the foot of the knoll on which his house stood to see if there was any mall in the little green box nailed to a tree at a height convenient for wagon passers by. Everybody were so busy having, he thought it doubtful if any one had been to the village. But yes; there was his weekly journal, and he was soon seated on the doorstep, his wife with her knitting just inside, ready to hear the news. She had not long to wait.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "what do you think? Here's another awful bank robbery. It's in Bolton, Vermont. The scamps got off with 'leven thousand dollars."

"Oh, them wretches!" exclaimed Mrs. Faxon. "It's worse than murder, I declare! I c'n kind of understand a man's hittin' another in hot blood, but to plan and study out his harsh words on men and poor widders that never harmed 'em, that's past me!"

"Hah! but they caught 'em, an' got most of it back," he went on eagerly. "Hear this: 'The robbers escaped in a wagon they had ready, and reached W——in time to board the midnight express north; but the telegraph operator was equal to the emergency, and when they reached O—— they were arrested, and brought back——'"

"Good! good!"

"Hush—wait—'brought back as far as Hillbury, New Hampshire, where, taking advantage of a slackening of the speed on a bridge, they knocked down the sheriff, tore themselves from the conductor, and leaped into the river. The train was stopped as quickly as possible, and one of the prisoners, having broken his leg, was retaken, but the others succeeded in hiding, and is still at large, probably in the woods north of the town. Five hundred dollars is offered by the bank directors for his arrest.'"

"Sure's you live that's the man that step' up 'n the ol' barn las' night," cried Eben, who had come up with his pails, hearing the excited tones.

"An' that's why his coat was wet and torn," said Susy, looking pale and getting closer to her father.

Here Cynthia came hurrying over the orchard wall and joined the group.

"You've read it, too," she began. "Just think; it must be the very man mother fed this mornin'. She says for once in her life she's glad I can whistle, for that was what scared him off. He might have snatched gran'ma's gold beads right off her neck an' murdered us all, she says. An', Eben, Ben's harnessin' to go right over to the store and see if there's any more news, an' wants to know if you'll go to."

"I'm there," said Eben, setting down his pails and reaching over Susy's head to the peg where his coat hung. As he strode away he met Mrs. Ordway half crying with excitement.

"Oh, Eben, just think of my tellin' that scoundrel that all the men was off for the day, an' apologizin' for not havin' raised bread for him! An' lookin' for a bottle to give him some of my bitters," she added, sitting down beside Mrs. Faxon, "strange as he didn't call here first, if he came out o' the woods. An' you never saw him go past?"

"No," said Mrs. Faxon. "I was in the dairy all the early mornin', an' Susy slept late. Do tell us just how he looked, an' all."

Mrs. Ordway desired nothing better, and the adventure lasted them all the evening; but their excitement was finally lost in the point when Eben returned with the news that the robber had been taken about two hours before, skulking round Captain Banks' barn.

"Sam thinks he was after their colt; but he's safely handcuffed now, an' locked up in the freight-house, waitin' for the early train to be taken back to Bolton."

"Oh, Eben, did you see him?" said Susy, who had been fast asleep, and tucked to say sleep, and was brought down wrapped in a shawl, and now nestled in her father's lap by the kitchen fire, for the night had grown very cool.

"Yes, Susy, I did; an' so did you this mornin, in the barn; an' a mercy he didn't see you. I didn't ask him for my shirt nor my socks, though he had 'em both on."

"Oh, land alive!" gasped Mrs. Faxon.

"Nor I hardly 'grudger's 'em to him, poor starvin', guilty, hunted-down fox he looked like."

"Oh, Eben!" whispered Cynthia, "if you'd only caught him asleep up on the mountain, an' got that five hundred dollars, 'twould have built our house on your lot."

"No, Cynthia," he answered, sternly: "we don't want any blood-money built into our home, not if we wait ten years for it. Come, little sis, brother's goin' to carry you off to bed, now the bad man's locked up;" and as she clasped her tired arms round his neck he held her down to give Cynthia a good night kiss, and she whispered:

"That was danger seenannuseen, wasn't it, Cynthia?"

But none of them ever knew that the robber had drunk out of Susy's own mug with the rose on it.

Choice Miscellany.

For the Maine Farmer.

Studies in Sacred Song—XXI.

These sketches must not close without referring to some of the hymns written by women. Until within the last 100 years few women were educated, and the dictionaries and encyclopedias tell us but little about the sex. Recently, women have been composing hymns, and have shown their ability to do their share in the work.

Helen Maria Williams was born in England, in 1763, but spent most of her life in Paris. She was the author of several poems and works descriptive of France. During the French Revolution she was imprisoned for a while. The following thoughtful and devout lines are from her pen:

"While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

"In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

"When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigning when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
Thy gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart shall rest on Thee."

Written in the turmoil of the bloody revolution, this finished and elegant hymn is remarkable for its spirit of faith and submission.

We come now to one of the most remarkable hymns that have ever been composed. It is found in all the hymn books, and has been translated into many languages, and is sung wherever praises to God are sounded around the earth.

Sarah Flower was born in England, in 1805. She had an older sister, Eliza. They became members of a Unitarian church. Eliza devoted herself to music, Sarah to religious poetry. They were refined and cultured ladies. Sarah married an engineer, W. B. Adams. She was the author of many hymns and poems.

The imagery in this hymn graphically reproduces the experience of Jacob at Luz, when in his solitary journey from his father's house, he rested in the wilderness, pillowing his head upon a stone, and saw in a vision a ladder or steps from earth to heaven, on which angels descended and ascended, and in memory of which he in the morning set up a stone as a memento, and named the place Bethel:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

"Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

"There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

"Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

"Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

Eliza Flower died in 1847, of consumption. Mrs. Adams, deeply attached to her sister, never recovered from the shock, but died two years later, at the age of 44. Amongst other hymns she wrote, thefollowing was sung at her funeral:

"He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joy and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

"Oh, ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold in death,
I yet will sing, with fearless breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done."

H. K. B.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

The last volume of Charles Booth's work on London tells of a class of East London waifs in one of the board schools who was parsing the sentence, "He slipped the money in his mother's till." "'Till,' how parsed?" Silence reigned. Finally a sturdy youth replied: "Possessive case, because it has got the money in it."

Said the superintendent of the Texas Penitentiary, at Huntville, to a newly arrived delegate:

"You have the privilege of working at any trade you prefer."

"I'd like to keep on drivin' cattle to Kansas."

Another gentleman in the same institution wanted to be a sailor.

Summer Saunterers—"Is that your son, Mr. Peavine? And only ten years old! He has grown famously."

Farmer Peavine—"He's all o' that, Bill is; he's the infamousest boy in these parts."

Summer Saunterers (after departing)—"The old gentleman is quite a character."

Farmer Peavine's Daughter—"Oh, pa! how could you talk so?"

"Farmer Peavine—"It's all right, Tildy. It pleases them city folks to get hold of an original character, you know. They'll take the rooms."

And they did.

A certain official was bothered almost to death by people running in on him at all times of the day, and was expressing himself emphatically on the subject.

"Why don't you put a time lock on your door, so that they can get in only at a stated hour?" suggested a friend.

"Time lock, nothing!" he exclaimed, "what I want is an eternity lock."

He had been out very late, and, as he rolled into bed, his wife began to give him a curtain lecture. He turned his back, and in the lull which followed, managed to get a word in.

"Mary?"

"What!"

"It's a mighty mean woman who would talk behind a man's back."

John scored a point and slept peacefully the rest of the night.

"Did you take much exercise during the winter?" "No." "I thought you were such a firm believer in physical culture." "So I am; I attended every lecture delivered upon the subject."

"Sure's you live that's the man that step' up 'n the ol' barn las' night," cried Eben, who had come up with his pails, hearing the excited tones.

"An' that's why his coat was wet and torn," said Susy, looking pale and getting closer to her father.

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"You've read it, too," she began. "Just think; it must be the very man mother fed this mornin'. She says for once in her life she's glad I can whistle, for that was what scared him off. He might have snatched gran'ma's gold beads right off her neck an' murdered us all, she says. An', Eben, Ben's harnessin' to go right over to the store and see if there's any more news, an' wants to know if you'll go to."

"I'm there," said Eben, setting down his pails and reaching over Susy's head to the peg where his coat hung. As he strode away he met Mrs. Ordway half crying with excitement.

"Oh, Eben, just think of my tellin' that scoundrel that all the men was off for the day, an' apologizin' for not havin' raised bread for him! An' lookin' for a bottle to give him some of my bitters," she added, sitting down beside Mrs. Faxon, "strange as he didn't call here first, if he came out o' the woods. An' you never saw him go past?"

"No," said Mrs. Faxon. "I was in the dairy all the early mornin', an' Susy slept late. Do tell us just how he looked, an' all."

Mrs. Ordway desired nothing better, and the adventure lasted them all the evening; but their excitement was finally lost in the point when Eben returned with the news that the robber had been taken about two hours before, skulking round Captain Banks' barn.

"Sam thinks he was after their colt; but he's safely handcuffed now, an' locked up in the freight-house, waitin' for the early train to be taken back to Bolton."

"Oh, Eben, did you see him?" said Susy, who had been fast asleep, and tucked to say sleep, and was brought down wrapped in a shawl, and now nestled in her father's lap by the kitchen fire, for the night had grown very cool.

"Yes, Susy, I did; an' so did you this mornin, in the barn; an' a mercy he didn't see you. I didn't ask him for my shirt nor my socks, though he had 'em both on."

"Oh, land alive!" gasped Mrs. Faxon.

"Nor I hardly 'grudger's 'em to him, poor starvin', guilty, hunted-down fox he looked like."

"Oh, Eben!" whispered Cynthia, "if you'd only caught him asleep up on the mountain, an' got that five hundred dollars, 'twould have built our house on your lot."

"No, Cynthia," he answered, sternly: "we don't want any blood-money built into our home, not if we wait ten years for it. Come, little sis, brother's goin' to carry you off to bed, now the bad man's locked up;" and as she clasped her tired arms round his neck he held her down to give Cynthia a good night kiss, and she whispered:

"That was danger seenannuseen, wasn't it, Cynthia?"

But none of them ever knew that the robber had drunk out of Susy's own mug with the rose on it.

Young Folks' Column.

Sowing Seed.

I was teaching my little Sunday school class,
The infant class of the school,
And was careful that each little lad and lass
Should be drilled in text and rule.

I taught of the prophets and saints of old,
Of the heaven which we may all win;
Of the wondrous beauty of goodness I told,
And the awful blackness of sin.

I dwelt on the weight of each noble deed,
And the workings of grace below,
Till I felt from such sowing of precious seed,
A harvest must speedily grow.

So, "Children," I said, when the lesson was done,
"Before the school is out,
I want you to tell me, every one,
Just what you are thinking about."

How I waited a word from some wise little head,
(The dear little thoughtful kittens)
Till Fanny looked up with a smile, and said,
"Our baby has got red mittens."

Which One Was Kept.

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandmamma said with a frown:
"It will never do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown.

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late,
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned and rosy and sweet
Came little Bess from her nap;
The nurse said: "Go into mamma's room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandmamma with a smile,
From the rocking-chair where she sat;
"God has sent you two little sisters,
Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandmamma soberly said:
"Which one are you going to drown?"

The Cross-Box.

It was a rainy day, and all the children had to stay in the house. Ned had planned to go fishing, and Johnny wanted to set up a windmill he had made. Susie wanted to gather her flower seeds, and Pet was anxious to hunt for her white kitten in the barns.

So all were disappointed, and before night, had become cross and peevish and snappish. Mamma called them all to her and talked very gravely.

They were quiet for a while after it. In half an hour Ned brought a small box and showed his mother. He had a little hole cut in the top just large enough to let a cent through, and under it was the word cross-box.

"Look, mamma," he said, "s'posing whenever any of us speak cross we make ourselves pay a cent for a fine? Susie and Johnny and Pet are so cross it would be a good thing. We'll try who can keep out of the box longest."

Mamma laughed and said it might be a very good plan if they all agreed to it; but if they did agree, they must do as they promised.

"I'll agree," said Susie. I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Johnny.

"And I," added Pet.

"What shall we do with all the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," replied Ned. "No; we'll buy a whole lot of candy," said Johnny.

"No," added Susie; "We'll send it for a bed in the children's hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned, angrily, "if you don't do as I want to, I'll pitch the box out of the window."

"Where's your penny, Ned?" asked mamma.

Ned looked very foolish, but brought the first penny and dropped it into the box.

Mamma thought the box usually did some good. The children learned to watch against getting angry, and little lips would be shut tight to keep the ugly words from coming through.

When school began they were so busy that the box was forgotten. Weeks later mamma was putting a closet in order one Saturday.

"Here's the cross-box," she said.

"I'm going to see how much money there is," cried Ned. "Seventeen cents. That's enough to buy lemons and nuts and play peanut stand. Let's do it."

"Oh!" said Susie, "there goes poor little lame Jimmy. I think it would be nice to give it to him."

"I say"—whimpered Pet.

"I won't" whined Johnny.

"I"—No one knows what Ned was going to say in a very crabbed voice, for just then he clapped one hand on his mouth and with the other held up a warning finger.

"Look out," he half whispered, "or there'll be four cents in the cross-box for Jimmy."

Couldn't Bear to be a Liar.

Two boys were in a school room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bennie Christwith an earnestness which proved its truth, was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again:

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the delinquent.

"Because there were only two, and one of us must have told a falsehood," said Bennie.

"Then why did you not say that I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I wouldn't call you a falsehood."

The boy's heart melted; Bennie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accused, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his schoolmate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if the two were paired in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud:

"Bennie! Bennie! lad, he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still—as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still they might have heard Bennie's big-boy tears drop proudly on his book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself, as well as filled all the rest, and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried:

"Master forever!"

The glorious shout of the children filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

DON'T MENTION THE BRIERS. It is not only a wise and happy thing to make the best of life, and always look on the bright side, for one's own sake, but it is a blessing to others. Fancy a man forever telling his family how much they cost him! A little sermon on this subject was unconsciously preached by a child one day.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers!"

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy, "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on. Sammy's remarks had given him a lesson, and he resolved that henceforth he would try to hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.

LOVE YOUR BOYS. Do not work the boys too hard, or their love for Nature and the open air will be turned to hate of you and their surroundings, which they will love when advancing years give them the power of doing so. Many a little scraggy, knotty nature can be made to grow into fairness and vigor if planted in the soul of love, watered with tenderness, and nourished in the air of freedom, instead of getting pinched and twisted beyond all future redemption. We should certainly make an effort to get the good will of the boys in the neighborhood, especially if bad ones are inclined to rob us. Let us invite them into the garden to share any fruit or flowers we may have to spare. The fruit is always appreciated, if not the flowers, and we most effectually get rid of our enemies by making them our friends.

Here are a few rules of value to all, but of special interest to young people whose habits are forming:

(1) Never ride on or after a *poor looking horse*, if you can help it.

(2) Don't tie your horses or dogs in hot places.

(3) Give your horses and dogs plenty of good water several times a day.

(4) Don't check your horses tightly.

(5) Don't stop horse cars on up grades.

(6) Give your canary a cool place, plenty of good water, a variety of food. [We give ours bread and milk every day.] Place him where he can see something, and give him sometimes a little mirror in which he can see himself; take care that neither sun nor lights dazzle him.

Boys, read good books, and as you read, put yourself into the condition and places of those you are reading about. Talk over your books with your mothers. Discuss the characters. All these things will help you in many ways. Books are companions and become firm friends. They never talk behind our backs, but are always loyal. Keep your books in your room where you can gaze upon them late at night and early in the morning.

When a man or boy conveys to you in a loud tone of voice, and the language of slang, profanity and bad grammar, the information that he is gentlemanly or manly, it is a waste of time to doubt him.

The only kind of cake that the average small boy has severe objections to—*cake of soap.*

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study *how to get money without honestly earning it.*

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the *hard cash* of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, *it means business!*

Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other blood-purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only *one guaranteed* blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That *one*—standing solitary and alone—sold *on trial*, is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it don't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scrofula—just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it *on trial*, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is *guaranteed.*

YOUR COUCH

Has not yielded to the various remedies you have been taking. It troubles you day and night, breaks your rest and reduces your strength. Now try **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**, before the bronchial tubes become enlarged or the delicate tissues of the lungs sustain fatal injury. As an anodyne and expectorant, this preparation has no equal. It soothes the irritated membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. The worst cough

Can Be Cured

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"After the grippe — cough. This was my experience — a hacking, dry cough, with an incessant tickling in the throat, keeping me awake nights, and disturbing the household. I tried a great number of 'cough-cures,' but they gave me only temporary relief. At last I concluded to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and before I had used half a bottle, I had my first all-night sleep. I continued to improve, and now consider myself cured." — A. A. Sherman, Coeymans, N. Y.

By Using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, many have been saved from fatal illness.

E. D. Estabrooks, Canterbury, N. B., says: "In the winter of 1859 I was a surveyor of lumber in Sacramento, Cal. Being considerably exposed, I took a bad cold accompanied with a terrible cough. I tried several remedies, but they failed to cure me, and it was thought I was going into a decline. On the advice of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and less than half a bottle completely cured me."

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail

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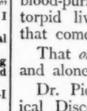

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